MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE — MECHANIC ARTS — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

PERIODICAL SEASONS, OR CYCLES.

There has been, probably for centuries, a belief in the minds of many, that there is a periodical return of seasons, or, in other words, there is a cycle in the seasons, so that after a certain lapse of time we have a season, as it regards warmth and cold, moisture and drouth, similar to that which occurred for a certain number of years previous.

This belief arose probably from the fact that there are cycles in the movements of the planets —that the period of nineteen years, or thereabouts, brings the moon into the same relative position that she occupied nineteen years previous. Some have supposed that the cycle of the seasons occupied but fourteen or fifteen years—some that it was but eleven years. We are inclined to the belief that there is some foundation for these opinions—but that, as yet, there has not been a sufficiency of nice, accurate and scientific observation to fix any definite data, by which the exact extent of this period can be determined and made certain.

We are somewhat confirmed in this belief, from what we can recollect, and from the perusal of journals of the weather, &c., kept by some persons also, for a series of years back.

A writer in one of the Canadian papers brings forward some interesting remarks upon this subject, which are worthy of consideration by farmers. He concludes that that there is a return of similar seasons at intervals of *thirteen*, *fourteen* and *fifteen* years, and many think there is a period of *seven* years. He says that the tables which have been constructed with the greatest labor and care at the Greenwich Observatory, near London, under the direction, and at the expense, of the British Government, serve to show, by comparison of records kept during seventy-five years past, that the character of the seasons of successive years respectively changes according to a fixed law, though the nature of that law is, perhaps, not even suspected. The cycle in which we are brought again to the same temperature is ascertained to be *fifteen* years.

As many of our readers, we know, feel interested in this question—they having directed their attention and observations to it for several years—we will quote below what he says.

The facts and appearances in Canada, where the writer made his observations, may not tally exactly with similar observations here in Maine. We, however, have a pretty vivid recollection of the cold during the season of 1837. We saw ice an inch thick, which formed in a tub of water on the first day of May of that year; and also recollect the severe frosts which occurred in the latter part of August of the same year.

The early frosts of last year, which was *fourteen* years later, are within the recollection of all.

The following are the remarks of the writer alluded to. After ascertaining the facts above mentioned, as shown by the records of Greenwich, he says:

"Shortly before meeting with this information, I found occasion, in conferring with a friend on his recollections, and comparing them with all that I had previously gathered, to remark that there must be a *fraction* of a year in the cycle; because that the period of seven years, and its multiple *fourteen*, though very near the mark, yet in a long course of years, do not exactly tally with facts. The periods in Pharaoh's dream, interpreted by Joseph and fulfilled by the event, were *seven* years of *plenty* and *seven* years of *famine*. In respect to which it is observable, that the Scripture account agrees exactly with the natural laws ascertained by modern science: for any mention of the fifteenth year would not have been pertinent to the matter in hand; the character of its seasons was not important to be recorded in the volume of inspiration; though as it was at the turning point, its temperature and its general character were probably average. In a long course of years, the continual adding of fourteen years to any particular year, does not bring us to the same condition of the seasons. There is a fraction of a *half a year* over the *seven* years, and after intervals of *fifteen* years, we shall always find ourselves in pretty nearly the same circumstances as to heat and cold.

The years 1836 and '37, were in the cold extreme of the Thermal Cycle. The effects of those ungenial seasons, in the climate of Canada, were disastrous to Upper Canada, at least as far north as Cobourg, a village on L. Ontario, and not far from the meridian of Rochester, N. Y; it was impossible in the former of those years, to sit and read without a fire in August or September. The whole summer was dry and cold. The phenomena of Aurora Borealis were wonderful, and among other forms, it took the following. Night after night, for some weeks, through with occasional interruptions, an arch of white light, to appearance about as broad as the moon, spanned the heavens; and at intervals, a fine thread of light, twining spirally around this arch, darted with almost the velocity of thought across the hemisphere. When the time for harvest arrived, cold rains completed the ruin of the little grain that had been able to grow. Never I should almost think, on a white man's farm in Canada, were such bare fields beheld. The summer of '37 was nearly as bad, and the harvest not much better; and in that year, also, the Aurora was magnificent. In January, as the writer was returning at night, from attendance at court, and passing northwards up a bay which branches off from the Bay of Quinte, the appearance was presented in the northern sky of a vast tent of a bright red hue. In the summer, also at Toronto, on several nights, the sky overhead, for a broad space, was observed to be of an even red hue, without clouds. One more year like those two, would have ruined the country. As it was, the poorer people to the east of Quebec, actually killed and eat their horses. After these two years, the seasons moderated. And in seven years' time the public journals resounded with the exclamation that within the memory of the "*oldest inhabitant*" there had hardly been so hot a summer. The years '44 and '45 were the warmest in that cycle. In another seven years' time, the cold became equally remarkable; and it is within the memory of our youngest readers, that the winter of '50 and '51 was very severe—that the summer months of '51 hardly made a summer—and that the winter last past was so remarkable for extreme cold, that few of our acquaintance can relate anything to surpass our recent experience.

All these things, duly considered, will serve to show us, that, when nature is attentively observed; when all phenomena and facts are noted, treasured up and studiously compared; the laws of even the most subtle agents, and most mysterious operations, may at least be discovered. It is not much, indeed, that the most favored sons of science have as yet ascertained in this department; and we do but learn a little from them at second hand. Yet knowledge is precious: *knowledge* is *power*; and though we may never understand all the mysteries of the earth's atmosphere, we are sure not to lose by learning what we can."

HURRYING UP THE TOMATOES.

It is well known by those who raise tomatoes in Maine, that the season is rather short for them, and that a portion of them do not get ripe, unless artificial means be used to help them along. The Working Farmer gives the following directions for hurrying this business. The chief operation depends upon shortening in the vines, or in other words, clipping off the *tops* or *tips* of the branches. All must observe, says the writer, that 30 per cent. (one-third) of the tomatoes grow within eighteen inches of the ground, and that 90 per cent. of the vine, containing 10 per cent. of the fruit, grows above this point; therefore cut it off and remove it with the small tomatoes. He says the vines will not bleed, and the tomatoes left will increase in size more than equal in value to those removed.

GOOD FOR THE CUCUMBERS.

The Farm Journal gives a very good method of supplying cucumbers and other plants and vines, with a steady supply of water. The Editor says it has been successfully tried by a gentleman of Lancaster, Pa. It is, in fact, putting into practice the principles of capillary attraction and the syphon, as follows: A small vessel, of wood or earthen ware, full of water, (he used paint kegs) is placed near the cucumber hills. A piece of rope, first thoroughly soaked in water, was then laid from the water in the vessel to the roots of the vines. The water will then continue to pass from the vessel through the rope to the roots, thus maintaining a sufficient degree of moisture to keep them in a flourishing condition when all the vegetation around was parched with drouth. We conceive that, in order to succeed perfectly, the rope be a soft or slack twisted one. If no rope is at hand, a piece of old cloth twisted into a rope will answer. The end immersed in the water should be placed down on the bottom of the vessel, so as to enable it to convey all the water in the vessel.

SEEDING DOWN IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

We again remind our subscribers of the importance of attending at the proper time to this branch of farming. August is the time to commence this work, though in many cases September will answer as well. For it is often so dry, that it is prudent to wait for rain before committing the seed to the earth.

There is much land which has long been mown or pastured, but which is not suitable for planting. It is wet in the spring and consequently too cold for corn and potatoes. Much of this kind of land is suffered to lie unproductive from year to year because the owners could plant other grounds to better advantage as to grain, &c.

Still, much of this low ground would produce more grass than the grounds that are suitable for grain, provided they could have a fair chance. Rotation of crops is of great importance to farmers; but as rotation can not be practised in all places a change from poor grass to good grass is much better than no change.

When green sward is turned in August or September there is much vegetable matter buried under the sod. This aids the succeeding harvest, and a light dressing only is required to encourage the new seed.

Herdsgrass and red-top seed are the best for this season of the year, and if clover is to be added it may be sown in November when it is too late for it to vegetate, or in any of the winter months. It is sometimes sown in March and April, but as the ground is not to be harrowed the spring rains are not always sufficient to bury it.

One peck of good herdsgrass and three or four pecks of red-top will be enough for an acre—though some men sow twice as much. It is as injurious to sow grass seed too thick as to sow grain too thick. When we have sown more than one peck of herdsgrass per acre we have had a diminished harvest.

We recommend sowing as soon as possible after ploughing. There is a freshness in the soil just turned up, which favors germination, and it is better to sow the seed as soon as one acre is turned. Then harrow thoroughly and roll the ground with a heavy roller. It is prudent in many cases to roll down the furrows before harrowing, and to let the harrow pass first lengthwise of the furrows to prevent tearing them up.

As grass seed should not be buried deep, it is best to use a brush harrow to bury it. When the roller is depended on, the grass seed is apt to adhere to it and leave spots without seed. The roller should go last. [Massachusetts Ploughman.

BLACKBERRY PIE. Blackberries are now in full flavor. The following is a receipt for making them into pies:

"Ripe blackberries will not bear washing: pick them over nicely, dredge them with flour, mix with them (for one pie) four or five table-spoonsful of fine white sugar, four if you use white, five if you use brown; turn them into a deep dish (soup dish) lined with paste; wet and pinch together the edge of the paste; cut a slit in the top crust, through which the steam can escape, and bake forty-five minutes.

For the Maine Farmer.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.—NO. 3.

Carbon is the most common, and perhaps generally best understood, of the organic elements, from the fact that the other three are only known in their pure form in a gaseous state, and cannot be detected by any of our senses. The diamond is pure carbon. Among the other varieties, charcoal is the most common and best known; and is pure, when wood is deprived of its solidified water, or oxygen and hydrogen, except the remainder of ash or inorganic elements. It constitutes about 40 per cent. of dry wood, fibre, starch, sugar, and gum. These four articles are composed of the same proportions of the same elements, viz: 12 equivalents of carbon, 10 of oxygen, and 10 of hydrogen, represented by the formula, C. 12, O. 10, H. 10.

When wood is charred in the pit, the two latter elements escape in their gaseous form, leaving the black mass of carbon behind; but when burned in the air, the carbon unites with two equivalents of oxygen, forming carbonic acid gas, which gas is the only source from which vegetation derives its carbon, and is received through the medium of the leaves, in sufficient quantities to sustain vegetable growth, but this growth is much accelerated by the spongiole of the roots being surrounded by an atmosphere of this gas, and the water being impregnated with it, which will absorb its own bulk of this gas.

Why these elements, or charcoal and water, form all the woody parts of vegetables, and the non-nitrogenous parts of the nutriment they contain, and why all of the various matters are formed by the same proportion of the same elements, and why the properties of one substance can be changed chemically to another entirely different, and a thousand other things with equal novelty, will be left to a generation far in the future to explain; but the chemist says it is so, and proves the fact by taking these substances to pieces, and the result demonstrates this principle of composition; he also, by a series of operations, converts wood, or saw-dust, into bread, analogous to that made of flour; and the catalytic power of sulphuric acid, or its presence, will change starch into sugar, and the acid may be extracted without change of quality, weight or measure.

Now, the *hows*, in a pecuniary point of view, are of more importance to the practical man than the *whys*. Note the remarks in the two former articles on this subject, and we are prepared to practically approximate the science of the above, by preparing manure, or food, soil, &c., for their organization. The ground being in a proper tilth, moisture, and warmth, the carbonaceous matter of the manure, (which in the days of bleaching, that ought to be gone by, constituted the principal dressing, with nothing for it to do,) has a three-fold action, viz: 1st, it is an absorber and divisor of all the other elements, and heat; 2d, it retains those elements in contact with the silicates of the soil, enabling them to act on the latter like leaven; eliminating their nutritive properties; thus we receive a two-fold benefit for the outlay, for it is consistent with reason and practice that high farming pays a double profit. 3d. As its decomposition proceeds, it furnishes an atmosphere of carbonic acid in the soil, thereby enabling the germ to send up a strong shoot, with power to receive double of the same gas from the air, through the medium of their leaves; whereas, if used alone, without being charged with the other elements to act on the silicates, or to minister to the growing plant, it is as useless and inert as muck in the peat bed. In this view of the subject, which is believed to be consistent with science and practice, the calculating mind can hardly fail to perceive that the amount of carbonaceous matter, beyond what is necessary to absorb the other elements, is nearly useless, and, if the practical farmer would economize in the manipulation of his manures, one third of the usual amount hauled into the field would better subserve his purpose, thus saving a large amount of labor in a hurrying time of the season. Or what would be better, let him employ the leisure part of the year in procuring the necessary seasoning, for all the carbonaceous matter he can obtain, by the use of the house vat, barn cellar, factory, or some other system.

It is not designed, in this series of articles, to go over the whole ground of *chemical analysis*, but to give a clue to the *agricultural action* of the elements which enter into and compose the animal and vegetable organism.

The attention of the reader is called to the fact which never has and probably never would have been practically guessed, that the carbon, which constitutes almost the entire bulk of the manure hauled into the field, is not food, but a kind of sponge, or receiver and divisor of the other elements, and being acted upon by them, is carried forward in decomposition, or solution, to its ultimatum, viz: carbonic acid.

MARTIN MOWER.

Bangor, August 12, 1852.

SPEECH OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE IN LONDON. The Royal Agricultural Society of England, had its great annual dinner at Lewes, on the 15th inst. Among others present, was the American Minister, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, who made a short speech. He said:

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have the honor of submitting to you a toast, and that toast is one of very extensive significance. It is no other than "The Agricultural Societies throughout the World;" and I give it with the more pleasure because I know that the operations of the Royal Agricultural Society of England are bounded only by the horizon. I know that your premises are open to all the world. I know that my honored colleagues on both sides of me—each representing a farming country—their stock and their implements—may come here and compete with yours. I say, then, that the science which has been and is applied to agriculture in England is like all other scientific pursuits—it knows no limits. I honor this society, then, for its liberality; and on the part of my country I desire to present my thanks to you for the great benefits we have derived from your publications and experiments. (Cheers.) Between our two countries there never was any reason—at least, any true reason—for feelings of alienation; and if I could have my way—if I could govern and regulate matters, with the aid of my friend on the right, (Lord Palmerston,) with the kind feeling which I know to exist in the heart of another eminent individual who occupies a seat in the present Cabinet, we should never have war or even rumours of war more. (Vociferous cheering.)

ALDERNEY OR JERSEY CATTLE.

MR. EDITOR:—Sometime in 1850 or '51, the Massachusetts Society for the promotion of Agriculture imported about a dozen of these animals, selected by Mr. T. Motley, Jr., of West Roxbury, with much care. Several of them have been taken by individuals, the remainder are now under the care of Mr. Motley. I had the privilege of seeing them this morning, and learning their characteristics from the person who has the direct care of them. In many respects, they are superior to any animals I have ever seen.

First—The quality of their milk. Positive assurance was given, that *seven quarts* of their milk would usually yield a pound of butter. This would render its quality, for this use, *fifty per cent.* better than most other cows' milk. For all other uses it was said to be proportionately good. Judging from the specimens we have seen, we should think this estimate worthy of credit.

Second—Their docility and ease of management. This is remarkably true of the cows and heifers. They appear as gentle and docile as kittens. No bad traits of character are discoverable in looks or actions.

Third—Their sleek, short hair, and general neatness of appearance. This is true from the smallest to the largest; there are half a dozen calves, from one to four months old, all bearing the distinct marks of the race—having the same brilliant eye, and deer-like aspect.

There were two bulls of this class, two years old last spring. These were fastened in the barn. One of them is a handsome, kind animal; the other looked as ferocious as a tiger. We learned that it was but a few months since, this animal tossed his owner several feet in the air, to his great personal hazard. This, and the exhibition by Mr. Webster's German bull, at Franklin, should teach us to beware of these foreign breeds, when their character is not fully tested.

Mr. Motley has also an Ayrshire bull, four years old, as handsome and complete an animal as I have ever seen. Those wishing to raise calves, have as fine an opportunity to command blood of first quality, by calling on Mr. Motley, as can be desired. We have occasion to know that the cow furnished by Mr. Motley to Mr. Loring, of Beverly, is second to none within our knowledge. We are perfectly assured that two pounds of butter, a day, are made from her milk; and that the cream, before it is churned, is so adhesive, that it cannot be turned from a pitcher. Without doubt Mr. L. keeps this animal in the best manner; such products will justify such keeping.

If, Mr. Editor, you have never seen these animals, I should like to know how your views correspond with mine. I have spoken plainly, endeavoring to avoid all extravagance of expression. But if it be true, that the same feed, when used by a good animal, will produce products worth twice as much as when used by a poor one, then how important it is to endeavor to obtain the good ones. Entertaining these views, Messrs. Gray, Everett and Winthrop, and others associated with them, have spared no pains or money, to teach the farmers of the Commonwealth this lesson. In behalf of the farmers, I desire to acknowledge the favor. P.

July 24, 1852.

REMARKS. We thank our intelligent and constant friend for these brief impressions of his visit at Mr. Motley's, and for his opinions of the foreign stock. We have examined the stock of which he speaks, and embrace this opportunity to do what we intended to do at once: express our obligations to Mr. Motley for the kind attentions which we received while examining the stock and walking over his beautiful estate. Those who have not seen fair specimens of these animals, will be quite likely to consider almost any description of them as overwrought; but to those who have examined and tested them, most of the descriptions given will not appear extravagant. The verbal statements made to us by a gentleman who has imported some of the Jersey cows, fed and milked, and made the butter from their cream himself, fully corroborate all that our correspondent states. Persons engaged in dairy business will do well to give their attention to this stock of cattle. If their milking qualities are as favorable as their form and color are beautiful, they must be pre-eminently good. [N. E. Farmer.

CLOVER HAY FOR HORSES.

I have frequently heard it observed, that horses fed for any considerable length of time on clover hay, are liable to be attacked by cough. It is also asserted that this kind of feed greatly aggravates, if it does not occasion the heaves. Now there are two remedies for this, either of which, if applied judiciously, will prove entirely effectual. One is to feed from a manger, instead of the common horse rack. The common method of curing clover hay, renders the foliage so dry and crisp, that it crumbles in being forcibly drawn through the slats or rounds of the rack, occasioning a fine, almost impalpable dust which, on being inhaled, irritates the lungs, and occasions coughs, &c. Another and more economical method is to cure clover hay in the proper way. By curing it in the cock, its foliage will wilt and dry without being deprived of its sweetness or elasticity, and will not crumble. This I hold to be the most economical, as it enables us to save much trouble in the busy season of haying.

[Germantown Telegraph.

A PROLIFIC COW. A correspondent informs us that Benj. George, Esq., of Plaistow, N. H., has a cow five years old this spring, which brought at one birth three calves, all of which are now living, about three months old, and doing well. Two are heifers and one a bull. He bought the cow when two years old from an eastern drover. She had a calf in May, 1849; another in 1850; a third in 1851; and the three on the third day of April, 1852. They weighed almost 100 lbs. when dropped. The cow is of middling size. Mr. George states that the first season she gave milk, twenty-seven pounds of butter were made of her milk in three weeks. The calves are now running at pasture with the cow, and are thriving, of good size, and of about the same weight, though of different color, and are for sale. [New England Farmer.

TO MAKE MISQUITOES LEAVE. Tie a piece of flannel or sponge to a thread made fast to the top of the bedstead; wet the flannel or sponge with camphorated spirits, and the musquitoes will leave the room.

THE SUBSOIL PLOUGH.

There is one important consideration always to be kept in view in subsoiling; and that is, that the soil be first thoroughly drained. It should be drained one year before the operation of subsoiling is commenced, so that the cold spring water may have time to pass off from the subsoil. Almost every garden will afford an illustration of the benefits of deep culture. Trenching is a more thorough operation than subsoil plowing, as it exposes the soil to view, breaks every portion to a greater depth, and mingles the two soils more intimately. None doubt that deep digging in the garden is profitable, and none who try it under proper circumstances will doubt that deep plowing in the field is so.

It is only a few years since the first subsoil plow was introduced into this country, and was purchased in England for Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse, Mason & Co.; it cost forty dollars.

Now, superior subsoil ploughs may be had in this country for one-fourth of the cost of that in England; and they are of greater strength, for that plough was used only a short time before it was twisted so that a common observer could hardly tell for what purpose it was intended.

The subsoil plow is a valuable implement on many soils, by deepening the tillage and giving sufficient room for the descent of the roots of plants, and to promote the ascent of moisture, in dry weather.

By the use of this plow the subsoil is loosened deeply, mixed with the soil and gradually brought to the surface, where, by changes from the air, snows and frost, it becomes improved, and restores in some measure many fertilizing substances that have been lost on old lands.

Numerous examples have been given to the public, showing the great utility of this implement. Yet, in some cases, it has been reported that there was no perceptible advantage from its use, while in other cases, the crops have been increased fifty per cent.

Where no advantage has been found from the operation of subsoiling, the cause may undoubtedly be traced to the want of proper preparation of the ground by draining. [N. E. Farmer.

THE PEEL OR RIND OF FRUIT INDIGESTIBLE.

This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public. It applies to all fruit without exception, and includes also the pellicle or skin of kernels and nuts of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is particularly delicate, and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere; it is, therefore, a provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it, as a protection against accident, and to prevent insect enemies from destroying the seed within. The skin of all the plum tribe is wonderfully strong compared with its substance, and resists the action of water and many solvents in a remarkable manner. If not thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, the rind of plums is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juice. In some cases, pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach, the same as wet paper clings to bodies, causing sickness and other inconvenience. Dried raisins and currants are particularly included in these remarks, showing the best reasons for placing the fruit upon the chopping board with the suet in making a pudding of them, for if a dried currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all. When horses eat oats or beans that have not been through a crushing mill, much of this food is swallowed whole, and in this state, being perfectly indigestible, the husk or pellicle resisting the solvents of the stomach, there is so much lost to nutrition. Birds, being destitute of teeth, are provided with the apparatus for grinding their seed, namely, the gizzard through which the seed passes, and is crushed prior to digestion. The peels of apples and pears should always be cast away. Oranges we need not mention, as this is always done. Orleans, greengages, damsons, and all plums, should be carefully skinned, if eaten raw; and if put into tarts, they should be crushed before cooking. Nuts are as indigestible as we could desire, if the brown skin be not removed or blanched, as almonds are generally treated. [Ex.

LARGE EGGS.

As some of our readers may have the curiosity to learn what can be done in the production of eggs, we copy from time to time accounts of *great doings* among the feathered tribe.

The Whitehall Chronicle has the following:

WHO BEATS THIS. We are shown a hen's egg, brought from the poultry yard of Dr. Wolcott, of this village, measuring 8 inches in its largest, and 6 inches in his smallest circumference.

Whereupon a writer in the Whitehall Gazette tells the following:

"MR. EDITOR: I am willing to admit that the egg referred to above *is* a large one, but I have a *Royal Cochin China* pullet, now above ten months old, weight *seven pounds*, that lays, *daily*, a larger egg than can be produced from any other poultry yard in the country. I have since reading the above, measured six of the last eggs laid by this pullet, and find that as the smallest of the six measures full as much as the one belonging to Dr. Wolcott, and the two largest measure respectively *six inches in the smallest and eight inches in the largest circumference*, the Doctor will have to own himself beaten. I will, in conclusion, challenge Dr. Wolcott, or any individual in the country, to produce a hen of the same age that will weigh so heavy, or lay as large an egg, or as many of them as the one I have in my possession."

The Jefferson Farmer has also seen a big egg, although not quite equal to what the hens can do in Washington County. It says:

"Mr. O. Dimick, of our town, has shown us a couple of hen's eggs, from his poultry yard, that are a large specimen of eggs *entirely*. One of them measured 6 inches around the centre, and 7 5-8 longitudinal. Mr. D. says his hens are native or common fowls, but these eggs are of uncommon size, whatever the size of the hen. Pretty large eggs for a *dry season*."

FOOD FOR SICK ANIMALS. The American Veterinary Journal states that an excellent diet for sick animals, is simply *scalded shorts*. When a horse has taken cold, with discharge from the nostrils, the *mash* may be put into the manger while hot, with a view of steaming the nasal passages.

Cooper once slurred a certain governor by attributing the disease in the potatoes to the "mortification" they felt at seeing so small a member of their family in the gubernatorial chair!

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION ON COWS.

It is well known to all breeders that try as much as possible to get a pure and well marked stock—now and then a singular exception will occur to throw all their notions and principles into confusion. Several theories have been brought forward to account for this fact. One is that in the various crossings that have taken place, some peculiarity of a forgotten ancestor, after having lain dormant for several generations, has reproduced itself. This is admitted as an undoubted principle in human physiology, and without it sad work would sometimes be made in families. We have in our mind, a family where both the parents are of dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and where one of the children has red hair and light blue eyes. This seeming anomaly is made to be a plain affair, when we know that in the mother's family one of the parents was possessed of a red head with blue eyes, and a portion of the children had a similar complexion. The same principle holds good of diseases. Certain hereditary diseases may not be visible in an entire generation, and yet make their appearance in the next generation.

Another theory, by which these exceptional products are accounted for, is that if a cow or mare have young by any particular male, the young while in the womb and possessed of a nature, constitution and peculiarities similar to and derived from said male, produces a change in the nature, blood, constitution &c., of the female, to such an extent, that in any after connection with a different male there is a liability that the taint of the original impregnation may manifest itself in those succeeding. Facts, apparently incontestable, have been brought forward to sustain this position. That all the results as yet witnessed, not assignable to the first theory we have mentioned, may be to another, should "give us pause" from any haste to adopt the notion.

The third theory to which we have alluded, is the effect of *imagination on the mother*.

That this is a powerful force in the human race, cannot in the least be doubted. Too many well authenticated instances of monstrous births, as the result of excitement to the mind of the mother, have been recorded in scientific works, to admit of a doubt. Every one has some instance of this kind in mind.

The imagination of the brute is lower in the scale, as regards power of extent, or quickness of action—but is not different in every essential particular. Hope, fear, love, friendship, disgust &c.,—are as really properties of the mind of brutes as of the human mind, and may be expected to produce the same effects.

The memorable instance of the bargain between Laban and Jacob, relative to the division of the herds is in every mind. Jacob was to have as the wages of his labor, all the "ring-streaked and spotted" of the cattle, or the brown sheep of the flocks. Laban, an avaricious and selfish man, immediately removed every animal that possessed these peculiarities from the flocks and herds, and gave them to his sons and put under Jacob's charge only those that remained. Jacob resorted to influence over the imagination, to secure for himself a fair return for his labors. He "took rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chestnut tree and pilled white streaks in them, and made the white appear that was in the rods." He placed these rods by the brook, or the gutter of the watering trough when the flocks came to drink, "that they should conceive when they came to drink." To show clearly that the effect produced was through the eye and mind of the individual operated on, it is remarked, "And it came to pass whensoever the *stronger* cattle did conceive, that Jacob laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle in the gutters, that they might conceive among the rods. But when the cattle were feeble, he put them not in, so the feeble were Laban's and the stronger Jacob's.

An instance is recorded that a pure blooded polled cow was served with a pure blooded red polled bull. During the day however, she had been with a red and white horned ox. The calf produced was red and white, and horned.

An instance was related to us as having occurred on the Manchester City Farm. A red cow was served with a red bull. Afterwards the cow was with and had quite an attachment to an ox peculiarly marked with white. The calf was marked with white as was the ox.

We need more careful observations relative to the results of breeding. There can be, however, no mistake in saying that all breeders should seek out the best animals from which to breed. By *best animals* we do not mean the best accidental animal, but one who has been closely bred for some years. [Granite Farmer.

SELF-OPENING RAILROAD GATE. Few branches of human interest offer greater latitude for improvement than those connected with railroads. Every day suggests some new object suited to render traffic along the lines of travel safer and easier, and then the wonder is that it was never so conceived before. Thinking thus, we are pleased to notice that Mr. E. P. Carter, of Yorkshire, N. Y., has secured a patent for a Self-Opening Railroad Gate. It is simple in its construction, easily applied to the track, cheaper than a culvert, and safer. A set of gates has been tested on a side rack of the New York and Erie railroad, at a station 65 miles east of Dunkirk, and are represented as having worked to a charm—so easily as to open equally to a hand-cart at four miles an hour as to a locomotive at forty miles. This gate is at the same time so formidable as to head off cattle of any kind that may course along the track. The inventor is preparing engravings and descriptions in full, and will then test its utility before any railroad company whose interest and public spirit may prompt them to add to the safety of railway travel.

TO PREVENT A COW FAILING IN HER MILK. Wash the cow's udder and teats with pure cold water before milking, and then milk her morning and evening as dry as possible; negligence in this latter precaution is one of the causes of cows failing in their milk. The cow should, if possible, be always milked by the same person, and while the process is going on a small quantity of hay should be placed before the animal. This furnishes employment for the jaws, and draws her attention from what is going on, and the milk is in consequence yielded freely.

[American Veterinary Journal.

AMERICAN TROTTERS IN FRANCE.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times gives a loose translation of a very funny description of trotting horses and the vehicles before which they disport. It is as follows:

"There was a time when people only talked of English carriages and horses. We must still talk about them in English because the United States of America have not gone to the expense of a language of their own; but it is the American horses and carriages that now claim the notice of the turf.

At first sight, the American horses have nothing to distinguish them from other horses—the same allowance of head, tail and legs, they have only the reputation of being born trotters. They trot as poets make verses—without meaning to.

To make their horses trot, the Americans have invented a species of vehicle marvellously well calculated to break the neck of whoever uses it.

The vehicles are composed of three things—a seat and two wheels. There are, also, it is true, two shafts, springs, and some other details of coachmanship, but they are there only for the look of the thing, and out of respect, as it were, to the traditions of the art.

The seat, which occupies the centre of the American structure, is raised upon four iron bars; it is nearly round, and you can just sit upon it. It is nearly like being on a swing without a back.

The wheels are simply extravagant. They are tall as a poplar and slender as a rose bush. Seat, wheels, and all, weigh just nothing. A sudden blast would carry it away. If old Eolus were alive still, he would have something to amuse himself with.

When the concern is finished the Americans introduced a horse between the shafts and go ahead!

In such nutshell affairs the Americans make, they say, eighteen or twenty miles an hour—they do not go by, they disappear—you see them once and no more. Three or four of these equipages have already appeared on the Champs Elysees, driven by light haired gentlemen, whom long practice has enabled to remain in equilibrium on their aerial seat.

But the Americans, who blow up in a steamboat or railway, whenever they take a trip into the country, are not so careful of their persons.

The three or four inhabitants of the New World, who astonish Paris by the daily spectacle of their rashness, expect a dozen of their compatriots similarly provided and mounted. In a few days more, the Champs Elysees will be furrowed by streaks of lightning, four-in-hand, on two wheels.

DISEASES OF THE SEASON—THE USE OF FRUITS.

There were formerly certain undefined complaints during the latter part of summer, familiar to everybody in New England, termed diseases of the season, of which many died, and of which fruit was generally supposed to be the all powerful cause. A greater mistake was never made by an intelligent community, than to suppose that apples, pears, plums, peaches, berries, melons and the like, when fully ripe, are injurious, either to individuals who fall below the standard of sound health, or to the more strongand robust. It is a misfortune that fruits are so dear that the poorest people cannot have that of the best quality, and sometimes can have none at all. As all the laws of nature are harmonious, and one never conflicts with another, it is very certain that fruits were wisely intended as an essential part of the food of man, particularly at the season when they are ripe. It is necessary to exercise reason in the use of them as in everything else.

If we eat that which is decayed or crude, it is a violation of a physiological law; and so also is a total abstinence from them when scattered plenteously over the land. Fruit, therefore, may be considered necessary to the maintenance of health, and its free consumption should always be encouraged. Those who cannot obtain the good, often ravenously devour the unwholesome, from an instinctive desire implanted in their nature. To the abuse, and not the proper use of fruit, may be charged the occurrence of what are called the diseases of the season.

[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

STEWED VEGETABLES.

The following receipts for cooking vegetables we find in the "Cook's Own Book:"

STEWED CARROTS. Scrape and wash your carrots. Scald them in boiling water; then drain them and cut them into long slips. Stew them in milk or cream, with a little salt, pepper and chopped parsley. When done, take them out, stir into the sauce the yolks of one or two eggs, and a little sugar, and pour it over the carrots.

STEWED BEETS. Boil some beets. Then peel and cut them into slices. Stew them for a quarter of an hour with a piece of butter rolled in flour, some onion and parsley chopped fine, a little vinegar, salt and pepper, and a clove or garlic.

STEWED CABBAGE. Having washed your cabbage, cut it in four, and throw it into boiling water with some salt. When it has boiled quite tender, take it up, squeeze out the water, and put the cabbage to drain. Then lay it in a stew-pan with butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, a spoonful of flour, and a half pint of cream. Stew it a quarter of an hour, and pour the sauce over it when you send it to the table.

Cauliflowers may be stewed in the same manner.

STEWED BEANS. Put into a stew-pan some parsley and small onions chopped fine, and a large piece of butter rolled in flour. Add a little water. Stir all together, and put in as many beans as will fill a quart measure when young and cut small; having first soaked them a quarter of an hour in cold water. Let them stew gently on hot coals till quite tender. Just before you serve them up, stir in the yolks of two eggs.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU. You may make a horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, "Come along"—a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping. Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "Come along." With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and *gentles* the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1852.

MUD BRICK HOUSES.

We occasionally have enquiries about the success of mud brick houses—or, as some call them, clay houses; and in Mexico they are called *adobe* houses. We cannot answer the question from any knowledge we have from actual inspection, for we do not know of one in our neighborhood.

We have heard many suggestions made in regard to them, and have received, first and last, many enquiries about them and often publish such directions as we could obtain from different resources; but we believe no one in this vicinity has built one.

It has generally been thought that our climate was too much liable to extreme changes—that is, we have, in the course of the year, extreme cold and extreme heat, and it is feared that a wet, cold winter would be injurious to this kind of structure. We are informed, however, that in some parts of Canada they have been built,—now if they will succeed in Canada, they will in Maine, that's a sure case.

A year or two ago, a writer in the Rural New Yorker, over the signature of I. H., gave some particulars of the mud brick houses that have been built in Geneva, New York, and recommends them very highly. He says that he has constructed one himself, and lived in it for years, and finds more good qualities combined than it is possible to find in any other kind. It proved warm in winter and cool in summer. The walls were never damp—afforded no harbor for vermin—required no lathing, the walls being ready to receive the plastering both on the inside and outside. The base boards and window casings were nailed to the bricks, and the nails held as well as if driven into pine timber.

He gives the following directions for mixing the clay and making the bricks, of which he says two common laborers can make two hundred per day. The clay is prepared in the following manner:

A circular pit about twelve feet in diameter, should be dug two feet in depth, and a floor of rough boards placed over the bottom. This is then to be filled with clay, and a small admixture of loam or sand and water is then added to moisten the batch.

A yoke of oxen are then driven into the pit and driven round until the clay becomes free from lumps. Then six bundles of wheat or rye straw should be cut in lengths of about six inches. This is then to be scattered over the batch of mud, keeping the oxen moving at the same time, until the two are thoroughly incorporated.

A table is then placed by the side of the pit, and while one man shovels out the mud from the pit, another fills the moulds. To make the bricks square, it is necessary to fill the corners first, and dash in the mud—this makes the bricks solid.

A yard should be prepared as any brick yard, by being leveled and sanded, and the bricks placed upon it and sand sifted over them to prevent their drying too fast and cracking. The moulds are fifteen inches on the inside length, one foot wide and six inches deep. An aperture is left in the end of each mould to admit air, which will allow them to slip out more easily. The moulds are wet and sanded on the inside to prevent the clay sticking to them. These bricks are then managed in drying as you would manage any other bricks. As they shrink much in drying, they should be thoroughly dry before being put into the walls—when perfectly dry they may be used. The same kind of mortar may be used for laying them as is used with burnt bricks.

He recommends the following precautions in building: Elevate them well from the ground, so that no moisture can reach them from the earth by capillary attraction. No base should project in such a manner as to prevent the water running off. The mortar for plastering the outside should be of the best materials. Good coarse, sharp sand, not too much lime, and if at any time it should cleave off, it may be permanently attached by driving in a few good sized nails, with flat heads, and then plastering over the nails, each of which will hold six inches square of the plastering.

The above directions are very simple, and he says such houses can be built at half the cost of brick, stone, or wood, and every laboring man can build his own house.

FIREMEN'S VISIT.

On Wednesday of last week, the Pioneer Engine Company, No. 1, of Biddeford, paid our city a visit. They came down from Waterville in the "Old Zack," and were received by the Pacific, No. 4, of this city. A collation was provided for them at the Stanley House, by the Pacifics, and the feast was enlivened by speeches from members and officers of both companies. The Pioneers are a fine looking set of men, and do credit to their town. On Wednesday evening a dance was given, in compliment to them, at the Engine House. Thursday morning they paraded in front of the Stanley House, going through the different evolutions with a skill and readiness that would do no discredit to a veteran company. They expressed themselves highly pleased with their visit, and left with the best wishes of all. It is generally conceded that the Pioneers are one of the best looking fire companies in the State. We like to see these friendly visits from the firemen of neighboring towns and cities. It goes far to promote friendly feeling between different parts of the State, and does more towards doing away with local prejudices and feelings than any other thing.

Have you been out to Sawyer's! If you have not, and would like to have a pleasant and agreeable ride, to find good boats and a fine fishing ground, to have an excellent supper got up in first rate style, and in short to find everything in apple pie order, you cannot do better than to ride out to the Togus House, near Togus Pond, and we will venture to say that you will come back perfectly satisfied. At this season of the year Sawyer keeps his table supplied with nice berries and nicer cream.

New Superintendent. Within a few weeks, the popular and gentlemanly superintendent of the Kennebec and Portland railroad, Mr. John Russell, Jr., has resigned his office, and become the superintendent of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth road, which office he has before held. Mr. E. C. Hyde, of Bath, who has been a conductor on the K. & P. road, has been elected to fill Mr. Russell's place, and Mr. W. Hatch, conductor on the Bath branch, will take Mr. Hyde's place on the main road. We understand that the road is now doing a very fair business.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Godey's Lady's Book. Godey for September is received. It contains the usual number of plates, and the contributions, as usual, are of a high order. Godey evidently tries hard enough to keep in the front ranks of literature, and his efforts should meet with encouragement.

Graham's Magazine. Graham's Magazine for September is rich in embellishments and literary matter. The leading engraving, a beautiful steel plate, "The Memento," is a fine picture.—The contributions are good, and, in short, Graham has issued a good number for September.

Portland Advertiser. On making a *scissors-orial* demonstration towards our old friend, the Advertiser, we were struck by the neatness of its dress, and the change for the better in its appearance which has taken place within a short time. The new dress looks very neat and tasty, and we are glad to see such a proof of prosperity on the part of our neighbors.

Yankee Blade. Mathews has done it, at last. New volume, new head, new type,—all new throughout,—and a much better looking dress than the last one. Why, William, your old acquaintances, *down East*, will not know you. But they will not be long in finding out that the old Blade has been newly ground and polished, and will now cut keener than ever. Glad to see that you do not, like *some* of the craft editorial, "cut" your friends, when they have helped to bring you to the notice of the public. Good luck to you, Willliam, and may you be bothered with a plenty of *paying* subscribers.

The Favorite. This magazine for August is well calculated to please the little folks, for whose especial benefit it is published. Each number is handsomely illustrated, and is a very suitable present for a young child. Terms, one dollar a year. Published in New York.

Universal Library of Literature, *and Illustrated Mirror of the World*. Our enterprising townsmen, E. B. Simonton & Co., have just published a large royal octavo volume with the above title. It contains nearly 500 pages, and is edited and compiled by Walter Percival, A. M. It is a beautiful and interesting work, published with large, clear type, embellished with 350 engravings, and contains a great amount of interesting and instructive matter.

Robberies. The "light fingered gentry" are growing very bold of late. We can scarcely take up a paper without finding an account of some new exploit of these fellows. Some of the papers appear to hold the belief that there is a regularly organized gang of burglars, extending throughout the State, and from the numerous burglaries recently committed, there would seem to be some foundation for the belief. The Biddeford Journal of last Saturday gives the following account of a robbery in that place:

The store of Messrs. Fisher & Seigman, in this town, was broken into on Tuesday night, and broadcloths, silks, shawls, linens, alpacas, &c., taken to the value of ten or twelve hundred dollars. A reward of one hundred dollars is offered for the detection of the thief, or recovery of the goods. These young gentlemen are very worthy citizens, attentive and enterprising in their business, and they have the universal sympathy of our citizens in their misfortune. It is sincerely to be hoped that the dastardly villain who thus by wholesale robs industry of its patient earnings, may be brought to justice.

COMPLIMENT TO TORONTO.

The editor of the Portland Inquirer passed through Toronto, Canada West, not long since, while on his way to Pittsburg, and thus discourseth on the beauty of the Canadian city:

"It is a noble, beautiful city, located on an excellent site rising a little above the Lake. Admirably laid out in regular order, its street crossing at right angles, broad and with good sidewalks. Its buildings are neat, and many of them magnificent; its parks liberal, and constituting dense forests; its churches stately, and its '*Mode School*' buildings are not equalled by any thing of the kind on the continent, though yet unfinished.

The city is rapidly increasing—its resources are now great, and prospectively vast. Toronto must become one of the great cities of the west."

Sabbath School Excursion. On Friday last, the Unitarian Sunday Schools of Bath, Brunswick, Hallowell, and one or two other towns on the line of the Kennebec and Portland railroad, made an excursion to this city. They were received at the depot by the Unitarian Sunday School of this city, and marched over to "Greenwood Church," where they had a picnic, listened to addresses from Rev. Mr. Judd, and some other gentlemen, sung, and had "a good time generally." At about 4 o'clock they took the cars and started on their return home.

Excursion to Portland. On Thursday last an excursion train, for Portland, left this city, conveying some 500 or 600 persons. The excursion was got up by the proprietor of the "Seven Mile Mirror," and those who went had the privilege of visiting the Panorama. The day was fine and the ride must have been very pleasant. We understand that arrangements are being made for another excursion, of which due notice will be given.

Firemen's Visit. We learn that Casco Engine Co., No. 1, of Portland, will visit this city on Friday and Saturday, September 10th and 11th. They will be received by Atlantic Company, No. 3, of this city. Preparations are being made to give them a warm reception, and the Atlantic boys are determined to show that they have not forgotten the hospitalities so freely extended to them on their visit to Portland, on the 5th of July.

Prime Blackberries. We acknowledge the receipt of some splendid blackberries from the garden of J. W. North, Esq., of this city. Mr. North about two years ago, set out some of our common, wild, high blackberries, from the fields in his garden, and these were the fruits from them. They are greatly improved by cultivation.

West Lincoln Agricultural Society. We have received a copy of the proceedings of the West Lincoln Agricultural Society, at their meeting held at Lewiston on the 21st inst., which we shall publish next week.

Another Excursion. There will be another excursion from this city to Portland and the Panorama of the "Seven Mile Mirror," about the 7th of next month. The rush at the excursion of last week was so great that a large number had to stand back until another day.

Bonney convicted. Horace Bonney was convicted before the Supreme Court, last week, on an indictment for passing counterfeit money. He was also convicted on two other indictments, last spring. Exceptions have been taken, and the case will be continued.

Assault and Battery. On Friday last, a Mrs. Haskell was committed to the jail in this city, for twenty days, for beating her husband, thereby proving herself most indisputably the stronger, if not the "better half."

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

We learn that Mrs. Stoddard of Farmington, in a fit of insanity, attempted to drown herself and her two youngest children. Mrs. S. has been an inmate of the Hospital in this city, but for some months past has been so far recovered as to have the charge of her domestic affairs. The Farmington Chronicle gives the following particulars:

On the morning of the melancholy occurrence, her husband left on business for Boston, his wife showing no more symptoms of insanity than for months previous. Soon after noon she was seen to pass through the village to Mr. Stoyell's intervale, but no one suspected anything unusual in her movements. It appears she went directly to the river, a distance of nearly one-fourth of a mile, and immediately threw herself and children in, as the alarm that "Mrs. Stoddard and her children were drowning," was brought to the village by Nathan F. Backus, one of the boys who were bathing near by. She was first discovered, through the screaming of the oldest child, by a boy of Mr. Durell, some dozen years old, who was fording the river a few rods above her on his way home from the village where he had been sent on an errand by his parents. The clothes of the mother, it seems, prevented her from sinking to the bottom, consequently her little boy of four years, by clinging to his mother, was able to keep his head out most of the time. Just above where young Durell was fording, and within view—but not in sight of Mrs. Stoddard and children, on account of a bend in the river—were three lads of our village, named Williams, Whitney and Backus, in bathing. On hearing the child scream, and seeing it in the water some few rods below him, the Durell boy immediately gave the alarm to the boys above. Young Backus run to the village for help, while Williams and Whitney were promptly on the spot to rescue the drowning ones. Finding the water too deep to go to them in person, Williams procured a pole near by long enough, by fording in as far as he could, to reach beyond them, and thereby drew them near enough to get hold of the woman's clothes, by which she and the children were drawn to the shore—the mother clenching the infant in her arms in a sort of drowning grasp, and the little boy holding fast to his mother. So, therefore, before help came from the village, these boys, with more presence of mind than is usual in persons of more mature years, had skilfully placed the mother and her children on the shore—too late, however, to save the life of the infant. The woman was so nearly drowned as to be helpless for some moments. The boy had suffered less.

THE CAPITALS I AND J.

We wish that our correspondents would read the following, which originates in the Ohio Teacher, and profit by it. Nothing is so troublesome to the compositor as the constant recurrence of these capitals in his "copy." In some writing it is absolutely impossible to distinguish between them. We endorse the remarks of the Teacher with our hearty approbation. Make your J's *extend below the line*, gentlemen, and omit the flourishing, which is like the quirl in a pig's tail—more for ornament than use. But we will let the Teacher speak for itself.

"We do sincerely wish, that by a convention or some other process, the English literary world would determine and establish the difference in form between these two letters. They are a standing nuisance in every letter and communication received, in the proof sheet of every editorial you write, every *I* that you make, and in every change of compositors, whom you have to instruct anew.

I always write my I with a short, round turn that comes just down to the line, and my J with a long stroke below the line, a short, sharp curve, and a nearly straight upward stroke that reaches to the line. I believe that this is a correct way, and being easily understood, would be generally adopted, but for a set of brainless, fancy writing masters, who, in their eternal flourishes, gymnastics, and bold, round curves, teach that everything must be perfectly round or straight. I do not remember in two years an instance of the use of the I in a proper name, that I have not found it printed a J, and had to correct it. It is a source of great annoyance to the publishers, and a chagrin to the parties named.

The difficulty should be corrected in the common schools, where the proper distinction should be taught and enforced, however detrimental to that artificial beauty which consists in 'flourishes' alone."

UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

The Old Colony Memorial has the following notice, viz: "We understand the sheriff and his posse will be on the muster field at East Bridgewater, on Thursday and Friday next, to preserve order."

Now, we have a better method than that to keep order on muster fields, and one which is not only perfect in accomplishing the thing, but suits the people and saves thousands of dollars to the State and the community. It is this: *Send no soldiers on to the muster field.* Since our legislature abolished the old-fashioned "*military system*," we have no "*trainings*" nor "*musters*," and the people stay at home contentedly, and mind their own business,—and of course the sheriff and his posse are not called to "preserve order."

For the Maine Farmer.

A BIG CALF.

Friend Holmes:—The more big calves that are raised in Maine, the better for the people. So I thought, the other day, when looking at a couple in the process of raising by Mr. George Couch of Hallowell, one of which will weigh quite four hundred pounds at four months old. Before our Fayette friends talk about their big calves, they had better take a look at this one.

August 16, 1852. V.

Note. Mr. Calvin Sawtelle, of Sidney, has a steer calf, which, when a few days over three months old, weighed *three hundred and seventy-one pounds.* It is a sparked or speckled one—being about half white. Mr. S. would like to get a mate to him, or dispose of him to some one.

Since writing the above, Mr. Sawtelle has weighed his calf again, and finds that he weighs four hundred and forty-eight pounds at four months and ten days of age. Pretty good, that.

Refreshing. Last Thursday afternoon we had quite a shower. It was much needed, as we have had no rain of any consequence for some time. The dust, which was very troublesome, has been laid for a short time, but the present dry weather will soon bring it on again as bad as ever.

Basket of Currants. Our friend F. Wingate, Esq., regaled us and the P. D's with a basket full of excellent currants last week. Mr. W's. garden is prolific in fruits and vegetables. He dresses his land high, and plants so closely, that the weeds can't have room to grow.

Musical Institute. The Franklin Musical Institute will meet in New Sharon, on Tuesday, Sept. 14, and continue four days, under the instruction of B. F. Baker and L. H. Southard, of Boston. The terms of admission will be, for gentlemen, one dollar; ladies, free. Clergymen are invited to attend, free of charge. A concert will be given on Friday evening.

Jenny Lind. A London correspondent of the Inverness Courier, in describing what he saw at the Opera, writes:

"Of Jenny Lind, too, I had that evening a glimpse. She is a wreck of her former self; I could hardly have recognized her. She looks pale, worn, and haggard, in bad spirits and bad health; and, as she sat, the centre of a hundred opera glasses directed upon her, there was but one wondering and sympathizing murmur throughout the vast building."

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Cragie's Bridge. The work of the reconstruction of this bridge is going forward rapidly. On taking up some of the timbers which were covered with planks and dirt, and the edges of which were painted with a red color, they were found to be in a perfect state of preservation, and nearly as good as new. They were placed in the bridge at the time of its construction, and were again used in the present repairs.

Mormonism in the Mediterranean. The Millenial Star, a Mormon paper published in London, states that Mormonism is making great progress in the island of Malta. The same paper says many thousands of Saints will leave England for Utah ere long.

A Sensual Heaven. A Hottentot once got up a painting of Heaven. It was enclosed with a fence made of *sausages*, while the centre was occupied with a fountain that squirted *pot pie.*

Resignation. A very worthy and respectable gentleman from Portland, who occasionally takes a "smile," was asked by a friend, how he managed to get along where the Maine Liquor Law was so rigidly enforced. "Ah, sir," he replied, "like a good Christian—I go to my closet."

Arrest of a Mesmeric Physician. Samuel L Hamblet, a "mesmeric physician," has been arrested in Lowell, on a warrant from Brunswick, Me. charging him with having obtained in that place the sum of $250 under false pretences, by making a disreputable charge against a citizen of Brunswick, and extorting the above sum to keep it secret. He was taken to Brunswick for trial.

A paragraph for tobacco chewers. The Lancaster (S. C.) Ledger, says that C. M. Heath, of that district, aged 47 years, quit chewing tobacco on the 20th of May. His weight at the time was 128—on the 25th of June he weighed 153—gain in five weeks 15 pounds. He also states that he has been free from nervous headache that constantly attended him while in the habit of chewing.

A big lump. The Bangor Whig says, there is exhibited at the window of one of the stores in that city, a large lump of pure gold, that was dug in California. It weighs 80 ounces, and is valued at $1600. Such lumps are exceedingly rare, even in the land of gold.

A pretty fancy. Longfellow in his prose tale of 'Kavanagh,' calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

Paper. At Mechanic Falls, Drake & Mitchell have lately put in operation an extensive paper-mill, which gives employment to about twenty hands, male and female. They manufacture about 9000 lbs of paper per week, for which they find a ready market.

A good reason. A woman in Sandusky City, Ohio, buys and eats cucumbers in cholera times, because they are so much cheaper than in healthy times.

A magnificent Hotel. The Metropolitan Hotel, New York, just finished, is the most splendid on the American continent. Its mirrors cost $18,000, silver ware $14,000, carpets, drapery, linen, etc $40,000, cabinet furniture $50,000, the whole coming up to $150,000. The building cost $500,000, the land $300,000—total $950,000.

A fortune for some one. It is stated that the late Jacob Bell, of New York, the extensive ship-builder, left a fortune of $700,000, without any will or directions for its disposition.

Bust of Calhoun. A bust of the late John C. Calhoun, executed by Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, now in Florence, and carved from the purest Italian marble, is now on exhibition in one of the basement rooms of the Capitol.

Heavy Crops. It is calculated that East Brooklyn raises about fifty wagon-loads of white-headed children to the acre—besides a considerable few of red-top.

Statistics of Ship Building in New York. It is computed that 68 vessels, of the aggregate measurement of 52,255 tons, and aggregate value of $5,546,500, have either been built during the past year or are now being built in the ship yards at this port. Of the whole number of vessels, 44 are steamers, 12 ships, 1 barque, 9 schooners, and 2 pilot boats.

Death of the Widow of Gen. Taylor. A telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans states that Mrs. Taylor, widow of our lamented President, died at Pascagoual, Miss., on Saturday night, the 14th inst.

Negro Stealers caught. The Easton, Md., Gazette states that four men living in Delaware near the Maryland line, have been detected in enticing away slaves and afterwards arresting them, in order to secure the reward. Of this they made a regular business, and have probably been instrumental in securing for the unfortunate negroes many a sound thrashing.

Wax for sealing California letters. The Postmaster General again cautions the Public against the use of wax seals on letters which are to cross the Isthmus, as the wax is liable to melt.

A true saying. Emerson was right when he said, that when men go abroad because they are nothing at home, they generally come back because they are nothing anywhere else.

The potato disease. The N. H. "Granite Farmer" has been informed by a gentleman from Concord, N. H., that, digging a few hills of his Chenangoes the other day, he discovered that many of them were badly affected with the potato disease.

Cholera in Indiana. The Vincennes (Ia.) Gazette, of the 11th inst., says:—We have information from Bonpas, a few miles southwest of Lawrenceville, which states that about forty deaths had occurred from cholera since the disease made its appearance in that neighborhood.

Niagara Suspension Bridge. It is stated that the contracts for constructing the second suspension bridge over Niagara river have been given out. The bridge is to be built but a short distance above the present one, and sufficiently strong to carry trains of cars.

Hotel accommodations. A New Hampshire editor, in puffing a village hotel, says that a new tooth brush has been supplied for the wash room, attached to a strong iron chain, so that the public will always be accommodated in that respect.

Great sport. The Chicago Journal says that a few days ago a couple of sportsmen returned from a hunting excursion, having bagged one hundred and fifty prairie chickens in a day's shooting.

Robbery of a church. The Unitarian church in Canton, Mass., was broken open some time last week and robbed of seventy-five yards of stair carpeting, a double bass viol and a damask cushion to the pulpit, with cords, tassels, &c.

"He never made his mother smile." What a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual in the New Orleans court, a short time since. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm shure he never made his mother smile!" There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

Indian depredations in Mexico. The Indians have committed new depredations in the state of Zacatecas, murdering and robbing defenceless inhabitants.

Drought in the West. The Illinois and Indiana papers complain much of a want of rain in those States, and say that in some sections, the corn and potato crop will be almost a failure.

Gold in South Carolina. Wm. B. Doane, Esq. of Abbeville District, S. C., has a gold mine on his farm from which he has taken since the 1st of March last, the sum of eighty-four thousand sixty-one and a half pwts. of gold, with only eight hands, and a small circle mill, propelled by two mules, which only pulverizes about fifteen bushels of ore per day.

Property in Providence, R. I. The taxable property in Providence, R. I., as just assessed, is $33,699,000, being an increase of $919,700 over last year. It is one of the richest cities in the Union, in proportion to its inhabitants.

Significant. Letters from Paris say that the new five-franc pieces, bearing the effigy of the President, have almost all been cut across the throat as soon as issued. One can scarcely be found that does not bear this attestation of the good wishes of the public of Paris for their savior!

Money for the "old country." The hired girls of Pittsburg, Pa., have sent $35,000 to the old country during the past six months, to enable their relations to come to this country.

Redding & Co., of Boston, are advertising black teas extremely low, and if the quality is at all what we should suppose it must be, our stores would do well to lay in with them as the demand exists here, there, and everywhere, for good Ningyong Tea at, say thirty cents the pound. These, it must be borne in mind, are temperance times, and if we don't drink one thing we will another. We refer the readers, however, to the advertising columns.

Hay Crop in Connecticut. The New Haven Palladium says that in that region there is hardly hay enough to pay for mowing. The grass is thoroughly dried up.

For the Farmer.

SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC EXCURSION.

On Wednesday last, by invitation, the several Sabbath Schools in Monmouth, with their friends, about six hundred in all, with trunks, boxes, and bags, well filled with eatables, made their first annual excursion to West Waterville, where they safely arrived in good season. Having a little time to spare, leaving the freight and leaving a few to assist in providing for the wants of the inner man, they passed on to Waterville, but had not the opportunity of looking about that beautiful village. Returning, they were received with a hearty welcome by the Sabbath Schools and citizens of West Waterville, and escorted in procession to a handsome grove, where tables, sufficiently large to accommodate all, loaded down with a well selected variety of food, seemed fairly groaning to be relieved. All hands were filled with a generous sympathy, and set themselves at work with right good appetites. Having finished this important part of the business in a satisfactory manner, and apparently to the first-rate satisfaction of a number of *volunteer* friends for the occasion, an hour or two was spent in listening to addresses from several gentlemen, upon the utility and benefit of Sabbath Schools. The remainder of the time was occupied in visiting their pretty waterfall, in promenading the village, and in one way and another, until five or six o'clock, when, the "iron horse" being ready for a start, all betook themselves to the cars, and started for home, arriving in good season, without harm or accident. It was an excellent picnic, well conducted and orderly, and well calculated to arouse attention towards Sabbath schools. Great credit is due to the people of West Waterville for their kindness and whole-souled hospitality. To them meanness is a stranger. Should they get up an excursion, at any time, Monmouth will be glad to receive them, and have it in their power to reciprocate favors. C.

Monmouth, August 21, 1852.

FROM HAVANA.

United States mail steam ship Crescent City, Lieut Commanding D. D. Porter, U. S. N., from New Orleans and Havana, (where she remained 21 hours,) in six days and eight hours running time from the Bar—the quickest time on record—arrived at this port at an early hour on the morning of the 19th. We are under obligations to Purser Smith for papers and memoranda. The Crescent City brings 120 passengers, 40 of whom are from Havana.

The advices from Havana are interesting in a high degree, and seem to portend another outbreak. Intense excitement prevailed in that capital on the sailing of the Crescent City, and great numbers of the Creoles were daily thrown into prisons that have remained unoccupied for twenty years. The most loathsome dungeons were put in requisition for those who were looked upon as leaders of the conspiracy.

Pronounciamentos and other revolutionary documents of the most virulent stamp are scattered broadcast over the country, and find their way into every house. The papers emanate from a secret press, and are distributed with a skill and secrecy that give evidence of a well organized conspiracy, which as yet, laughs at the efforts of the police to discover its hiding place. The Government is completely at fault, and baffled by the extraordinary precaution and success of the conspirators, each day take new measures to counteract their influence. Their exciting publications are seized and destroyed wherever found. The most vigorous searches are instituted, and many innocent persons are made to suffer, almost every creole family being under the surveillance of the police, and spies being employed in every quarter. Female privacy even is disregarded by the Government emissaries, and altogether a most unhappy state of things prevails.

The Diario de la Marina make no more mention of these events than if they had not taken place. The Government use all endeavors to keep the proceedings secret, but without avail.

Apart from political excitement, the city of Havana is shrouded in gloom. Yellow fever, cholera and small pox prevailed to a great extent, and almost every ship in the harbor had some cases of the fever. Out of one company of 120 soldiers 110 had died, and in a chain gang of 109 there died 100. The Government were sending the troops to the country. The sickness was chiefly outside the walls of the city. Further advices will be looked for with intense interest.

[N. Y. Courier.

Large Snake Family. A few days since, as Mr. S. H. Perkins was mowing, near Rocky Pond, so called, in the westerly part of Hollis, he was attacked by a huge water-snake, which sprung towards him, following him to some distance, lashing the ground with his tail, and hissing fearfully. With some difficulty Mr. P. succeeded in transfixing the snake with his scythe, and finally despatching it. This snake measured four feet in length and fifteen inches in circumference. After removing the scythe, *fifty-six* young snakes crawled from the wound, averaging some more than six inches in length.

Within a short time Mr. P. has killed several of these venomous reptiles of enormous size.

[Nashua Gazette.

Madeira Wine. Most disastrous accounts are received of the future prospects of Madeira. It seems not improbable that the celebrated wine of Madeira will be a matter of history. A blight of some sort has entirely destroyed the vintage for this year, and seems likely to destroy the vines themselves. It appears in the shape of a thick white powder, which entirely covers the clusters of grapes. The inhabitants have memorialized the Portuguese Government to be permitted to cultivate tobacco.

Singular Disease. The following is a translation of an item of news given in the last number of the Turkish newspaper of Constantinople; "Many persons in Konia and Allashehr, who have eaten lately of eggs and chickens, have been attacked with the Little Snake disorder. On opening the fowls after they had died or have had their *throats cut*, worms were found in their stomachs resembling snakes; and the newspapers from Persia, mention that the same thing has been occurring there."

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT COLLISION.
THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

We copy the following from the Boston Journal. The disaster which it chronicles is one of the most frightful that we have had to record for a long time. The Journal says:—

Another of those awful calamities which freeze the blood, has just occurred on Lake Erie. Yesterday morning, about 2 o'clock, the steamer Atlantic came in collision with the propeller Ogdensburgh, and sunk in half an hour. The Atlantic had on board 500 passengers, and it is said that *three hundred persons lost their lives!* The remainder succeeded in getting on board the Ogdensburgh, and reached Erie yesterday morning. None of the passengers of the Ogdensburgh were injured. The following despatch received by the Traveller gives a few of the melancholy particulars:

Erie, Aug. 20, *noon.* At the time of the collision, a dense fog was prevailing. The passengers were all in bed, and the Atlantic was in charge of the first mate. Immediately following the collision the utmost confusion prevailed among the steerage and deck passengers, a very large proportion of whom were Norwegian emigrants. Many of them, in their terror, jumped overboard instantly. Capt. Petty vainly endeavored to calm their fears, by assuring them there was no danger, hoping to keep the steamer on its course and reach port in season to save them; but the water gained so fast on the efforts of the crew, that by the time she had proceeded two miles from the spot where the collision took place, she was found to be rapidly sinking.

The fires in the engine room were extinguished by the rising water, and a scene of terrible confusion followed. The emigrants, who could not understand a word spoken to them, added horror to the scene by their cries and exhibition of frantic terror.

The cabin passengers and all others who could be made to understand the exhortations and orders of the captain and officers, remained comparatively calm, and provided themselves with chairs, settees, and beds, all of which were patent life preservers which buoyed them up in the water and they were thus saved.

Great numbers of the emigrants jumped overboard in their terror, without any provision for their safety, and thus rushed on to certain death. The fog was a sad hindrance to the efforts made at rescue, but some 250 were picked up by the propeller and taken to Erie.

Large numbers of them left at once on the steamer Sultana for Cleveland, and others came down in the cars to this city.

From the best information we can gain, we are led to believe that not less than *three hundred* lives are lost.

The accounts of the actual loss are very contradictory. Our last despatch, from Buffalo, says that nine of the crew and twenty-five of the cabin passengers are known to be lost. How many more have lost their lives is not stated.

MACKEREL FISHING.

The Belfast Journal, in an article on the fishing business, gives the following description of the practical operations of the mackerel fisheries:

"About the month of May the mackerel catching begins. The fish are first taken as far South as the Capes of Virginia, and as the summer advances, they move towards the North, followed by the fishermen, in fleets, which at night, with their lights at mast-head, appear like some city of life and animation risen from the depths of the ocean. Fares are made in the Bay of Fundy in July and August; in Bay Chaleur in September, and sometimes in the last bay in September and October. Then catching is not done at regular hours, but when the *school*, or *shoal, strike.* Then, however the crew may be occupied, all is dropped, and the fishing begins. If the crew, after a severe labor of hours, are sitting down to a dinner of *fresh-smother, duff* and *jo-floggers*, and chance to hear flipping the tails of a shoal, it's a 'hurrah, boys! here they are!' and a scramble for the deck. The lines are out in a twinkling, and soon the deck is all alive with the jumping of the 'finny innocents,' who, a moment before, were frolicking in their native element.

The emulation to be high line, (that is, to catch the most fish) is stimulated not by ambition alone, but because the men and boys fish on shares. The British colonies do not carry on fishing upon this principle, which is one great reason why the success of our vessels is so much greater. It is more wonderful even to hear the stories told of rapid catching than to see it done. A fisherman may tell of catching sixty a minute, and when he is told that this would be thirty-six hundred an hour, he would reject all figures as a humbug invented to undervalue his skill. Each fisherman tends two or more lines, and it is wonderful to see the celerity with which they manage them, jerking the fish from the hooks with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. Sometimes after a smart time of catching, the school will 'strike off,' and not a sly nibble be felt, and this the fishermen say, it is because they are alarmed by sudden 'stepping out' of so many friends and relatives who have formed a happy family sporting away the time all the way from Delaware capes to Bay Chaleur. Then comes the 'dressing down.' Out comes the 'splitters,' the 'barvels' are put on, (we have nothing to do with the dictionary here, but 'splitters' and 'barvels' are the English for knives and leather aprons,) and the cleaning begins.

'This process,' we quote from Mr. Sabine's paper upon our fisheries, 'covers the persons of the crew, the deck, the tubs and everything near, with blood and garbage; and as it is often performed in darkness and weariness, and under the reaction of overtaxed nerves, the novice, and the gentlemen or amateur fisher, who had hitherto seen and participated in nothing but keen sport, become disgusted. They ought to remember that in the recreations of manhood, as in those of youth, the toil of hauling the handsled up hill is generally in proportion to the steepness and slipperiness which give the pleasurable velocity down.'

The mackerel cleaned thus are put into barrels of salt brine, and when a full fare is obtained, the vessel leaves for her port. Here the fish are sorted, re-packed; and put into the market."

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Serious Rebellion. Dates from City of Mexico to the 31st ult. have been received at New Orleans. The rebellion insurrection had given the Government great trouble. Retreating upon Huatusco, the rebels attacked and vanquished a small party of government troops, compelling them to retreat upon Orizaba. He subsequently entered upon Cordova without striking a blow. His course has been a triumphant one.

He is supported by the people of his section and urged forward by a large armed force. He and his adherents profess fidelity to the constitution, but demand the abolition of the laws concerning the National Guards and the separation of the district of Orizaba from the State of Vera Cruz. At the last accounts he was ready to fall upon Jalapa. The affair seems to be a serious one.

A pronunciamento has been made at Guadeladera, and one is reported to have taken place at Tampico.

The Indians have committed new depredations in the state of Zacatecas, murdering and robbing defenceless inhabitants. The papers teem with terrible details of their escapes.

The project of establishing a French Colony in Sonora appears to have failed.

The diligences between Mexico and the various points in the interior have been repeatedly stopped and plundered.

The Mexican government have called for bids for the privilege of opening the Tehuantepec Isthmus to travel and trade, to be returned before Aug. 15th, after which time no further propositions are to be received.

Melancholy. We learn from the Worcester Transcript that a young man named Jennings, who had just returned from California with $1300 in gold, and was stopping with his sisters at New England Village, near Worcester, committed suicide last Friday afternoon. He took bedbug poison about 2 o'clock and died at 4. No cause is assigned for the deed. His home was in Leeds, Me.

Fire. The brick Store in Canaan Village, belonging to E. & W. Tuttle, and occupied by Mr. Geo. S. Lewis, was totally destroyed by fire on the 7th inst., together with all its contents. Mr. Lewis lost about $1500 worth of goods, about half of which is covered by insurance.—There was also an insurance of $400 on the building in the Great Falls, N. H. Company.

A FALL RIVER SCHOONER SUNK.

Life Lost. Savage Conduct of the Captain of a Merchantman. On Friday the 6th inst., the schooner Nathan Durfee, Captain Heald, of and for this port, left Baltimore, laden with 305½ tons of coal for the Fall River Iron Works. On Wednesday morning, the 11th inst., between 12 and 1 o'clock, as she was off Barnegat, about fifteen miles from the shore, on the wind, she was run into by the bark Flash of New York, bound for Vera Cruz. The schooner had her light up, and the collision appeared to be the result of perfect recklessness on the part of the bark. The bark being before the wind, the collision was violent; the schooner's side was crushed in by the bark's head, and the bark's rigging was extended over the schooner's deck. In an instant perceiving their only chance for life, the captain, mate and crew of the schooner, seven persons in all, caught by the rigging of the bark, and the next moment were landed on her deck. The captain of the bark came forward with a lantern, and meeting Capt. Heald and Mr. Jefferson the mate, accosted them with the *feeling* enquiry. "What in h—l are you here for? You belong on board that schooner, don't ye?" "Yes." "Then, why don't you stay there!"

There was on board the schooner, as a passenger at the time of the collision, a young man about 20 years of age, named William Simpson, belonging to Baltimore. He was standing on the deck at the time of the collision, but nothing has been seen of him since. It is believed that he went below to bring up his money; and that when he returned, if he did return, it was too late to save himself; for the bark freed herself immediately. Capt. Heald entreated the captain of the bark to suffer him to take a boat, man it with his own men, and go to the schooner, to rescue the passenger, if possible, and save whatever could be saved; but all to no purpose. The captain of the bark refused a moment's delay or any facility for such an object. The schooner's light was visible for about ten minutes after the bark left her; and then disappeared. Doubtless heavy laden and broken as she was, she sank, with the passenger in her,

The captain, mate, and hands of the schooner were treated by the captain of the Flash in a most inhuman and disgraceful manner. Dripping wet as they were, having lost everything but what they had on them and in their pockets, they were not offered a shred of dry clothing nor any refreshment. The mate states that he assisted to work the ship, yet received no reward of any kind. Several vessels wearing homeward passed within sight; but the captain of the bark for some time rejected all entreaties to put the Nathan Durfee's company on board one of these vessels. He evidently intended to carry them all to Vera Cruz, if he found no convenient way of ridding himself of them. At last about 9 o'clock, the same morning, about 20 miles south of Barnegat, the bark fell in with the schooner Time, of Suffolk, Va., laden with pine wood, and bound to Providence. This vessel proceeded back to the Delaware Breakwater, about 40 miles, with the Nathan Durfee's company, where she found the schooner Minerva, of and for this port. Having got into civilized hands, Capt. Heald and his men of course were well treated and reached this port on Monday last.

The Nathan Durfee was about six years old, and was considered worth about $9000. She was owned by residents in this place. We understand that only one of the owners is insured.

The statements of Capt. Heald and others with regard to the circumstances of the collision and sinking have been taken by Eliab Williams, Esq., and the matter of obtaining reparation from the owners of the Flash is entertained. It is due to public sentiment; it is due to humanity and justice that the owners of the Flash should at least discharge their worse than a Turk of a captain, and put a Christian, or at least a civilized man in his place. [Fall River News.

The Right Kind of a Woman. The Albany Knickerbocker says that considerable excitement was created in Broadway, recently, by a young woman who had been in search of her husband all the day, finding him seated on a dry goods box, "dead drunk." She took a whip from under her mantilla and applied it to his back very severely, and then ordered him home, remarking at the same time she would correct him for his misconduct. There's a wife for you as is a wife. The only regret is that her like were not more plenty in the land, and then the order of things would be changed, and instead of a "Maine" lick-her law we should have a "Maine" lick-him law. It is the duty of a wife, if it be in her power, when her husband neglects his family and lowers himself below the beasts, to *elevate* him, even if *cowhide* persuasion is necessary.

The Tunnel Machine. This machine for boring a hole through the Hoosac Mountain, for the Troy and Greenfield Railroads, having been set up, was set in operation, (as we stated in our last) on the 6th inst. The past week several more experiments have been made with it, and it is found to more than answer the most sanguine expectations of the builders of the machine and the friends of the road. By the contract made with the builders of the machine, it was warranted to bore *six feet a day, every day*, and place the rock in a position to be taken away, or the builders were to receive no pay for the machine. On trial it is found that it will bore more than *double that distance.* In fact, it has, with the present imperfect state of its working, bored at the rate of *twenty inches an hour.* The rock operated on so far, is the hardest kind of quartz rock.

[Greenfield Gazette.

Great Walking. An Englishman named Wm. Hughes, accomplished the feat of walking seventy miles in twelve consecutive hours and twenty minutes, at Newport, R. I., on Saturday. He commenced at 4 o'clock in the morning, and accomplished the feat at 4-20 in the afternoon. The ground which he passed over was from the south corner of the Ocean House to the north corner of the Atlantic House, and he had to walk over it ninety times each way. He is a man about thirty-five years of age, of common height and good proportions. He generally walked at quite a rapid pace, with a firm and steady step. He did not seem to be very much fatigued, and at the conclusion of the walk, declared that if those present were not satisfied, he would walk, ten miles more. He certainly earned the purse of $80 for which he walked.

A Novel Fight. As we were sitting in the door of the Morse Line Telegraph office yesterday, our attention was drawn to the sidewalk by the struggles of a wasp and spider in a mortal combat. The spider was a large grey one, and the wasp one of the kind known as Masons. The fight appeared to have commenced on the wall of the building, as the first notice we had of it was a buzzing noise and a fall on the walk. The wasp was probably the aggressor as he had the spider immediately under him. The latter struggled well for a short time, but the wasp appeared to have the heaviest metal, and after biting and stinging him a while, till he was quite dead, flew away with him to his nest. [Lockport Journal.

Wheat in Michigan. The wheat crop in Michigan has been harvested. From the straw not being as heavy as usual, it was feared the yield would be light; but the berry turns out full and plump, and the yield far larger than was anticipated. The corn generally is forward, although in a few instances some fields are backward, owing to the first planting not coming up. The oat and potato crops look well and the farmers say that there is every reason to hope for a full average of crops throughout.

Curious Cattle Disease. We learn that some of the farmers on Blake's Prairie, in the vicinity of the Red School House, have recently lost some 20 or 30 head of cattle, by a strange and fatal disease, Cattle are attacked suddenly and die in a few hours. From an examination of one or two carcasses, the lungs and heart were found in a diseased condition: but the name and character of the scourge are unknown to all.

[Grant Co. Herald.

Vandal Outrage. On Wednesday night, some person or persons entered the nursery of Henry H. Crapo, Esq., of New Bedford, and destroyed about twelve hundred young and thrifty fruit and ornamental trees. They were sawed, cut, hacked and pulled up. Their loss is a total one, amounting to about $900 in actual value. Mr. Crapo is a zealous and successful horticulturist, which adds a natural disappointment to his severe pecuniary loss.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN AND CANADA.

The steamer Franklin arrived at New York on the morning of the 16th. She brings no news of special importance.

The Canada arrived at Boston on the 18th. The following is a synopsis of the news brought by both steamers:

ENGLAND. The aspect of public feeling in the United States, respecting the British encroachment in the fisheries has awakened much attention amongst all shades of politicians. The general opinion of the press is in favor of the English reading of the treaty.

The London Standard says: "If we are not misinformed, the maritime powers will be invited, by England and France, to consider the situation of Mexico, with a view to establishing her independence, both financially and politically, so that a barrier may be established to the aggressive spirit of Americans in the south."

The same paper adds: "Although the fishing question is much canvassed in the city, no one imagines that the dispute can terminate otherwise than satisfactorily,"

The government is blamed by many of the leading journals, for using the show of force without due previous notice. At the same time it is stated that the nineteen ships, of which a list is given in the colonial papers, are not more than the usual fleet on the British American and West India stations, while one of the vessels (the Jane) mentioned as sent off to the scene of the difficulty is, in fact being paid off at Woolwich. The apprehended trouble has caused considerable feeling, and, with other circumstances, has had a depressing effect on funds.

The Cunard Co., it is understood, are about to build, on the Clyde, a steamship of larger tonnage and greater power than any yet afloat. It is also stated that contracts are closed with a house in Liverpool, for the establishment of a line of iron propellers, to commence running between Portland, Me., and Liverpool, in the fall of 1853.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce have voted to solicit the influence of the New York Chamber with the United States Post Office, to have the mails for Europe sorted on board the steamships, in order to expedite their delivery on arrival.

Harvest is well begun in England, with seasonable weather. Notwithstanding the account that the potato rot had appeared in the different districts of Ireland, it can only be regarded as partial, and at least, counterbalanced by the abundance of the sound crop.

FRANCE. M. Fould has received the appointment to the Ministry. M. Pelletier is appointed Chef de Cabinet of the Minister of State.

News has reached Paris from Malta, that the French fleet had arrived at Tripoli, and the admiral threatened to proceed to immediate hostilities unless men claimed by France be given up, which the Pacha refuses to do.

It is reported that the official announcement of ths President's marriage will be made in the course of the present week.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. There is little news from either of these countries. Local disturbances had broken out in Gaudaloupe.

The Queen of Portugal had dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, and a new one was to be elected. This move excited no agitation.

PRUSSIA. Letters from Posen state that 1800 had died of cholera, out of a population of 12,000. The fire that broke out lately, consumed eighty houses. The greatest distress prevails in the city.

TURKEY. The English Charge d'Affaires has succeeded in procuring the punishment of the Turks who assaulted the steamer Victoria's passengers, but the question of the right to prevent foreign passsengers landing on the wharves of the Bosphorus is still left open for discussion.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

The Atlantic arrived at New York on Sunday last, bringing 112 passengers, and four days later news. The Atlantic made the passage in ten days and seven hours. She has thus made the four quickest successive trips ever accomplished between New York and Liverpool.

The news is of no special importance. The fishery question is discussed in the papers, and has caused a slight depression in the funds. The general opinion appears to be that it will be amicably settled.

ENGLAND. Emigration to Australia still continues undiminished. Fifty ships from 500 to 2000 tons, are entered to sail during the present month from Liverpool, London and Plymouth.

Accounts from the potato crops are at least no worse.

A strike in the iron trade was apprehended in Staffordshire. Notice had been given by the operatives, but the masters had resolved not to yield.

FRANCE. Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, son of ex-King Jerome, has been offered the ministry to the United States in place of M. Sartiges. M. Bonaparte has declined the embassy, but will go temporarily to Washington.

The rumor of the bombardment of Tripoli was nearly but not quite correct. Despatches dated 30th July had arrived in Paris, announcing that the prisoners, respecting whom the difficulty had occurred, had been given up at the moment the French ships were about to open fire. The cause of the difficulty was the ill treatment of two French deserters, who had taken refuge at Tripoli, where attempts were made to convert them to Islamism.

PRUSSIA. The Prussian Journal of the 4th says—a postal treaty has been, or is, on the eve of being concluded between Prussia and the U. S., whereby single letters may pass between any part of the U. S., and the German postal union at reduced charges of 30 cents. The cholera had made its appearance in Dantzic, and been very fatal, 4 out of every 5 attacked died. At Saeivadz, in Poland, its ravages have been very great.

FROM CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. The steamer Propontis arrived at Plymouth on the 10th, with dates from Grahamtown to 26th June. The intelligence represents affairs at the Cape to be in a desperate condition. The South African Advertiser, says disorder and danger as well as actual war have become general for 50 miles or more, on both sides of a border line, some 150 miles in length. On the 11th June, 5 ammunition wagons were captured by the Caffres, and 11 of the guard killed and 7 wounded.

STEALING FRUIT. Great complaint is made to the city authorities of Roxbury, Mass., of the large number of boys who daily visit that place for the purpose of stealing fruit. In numerous instances these idle urchins have entered the gardens of gentlemen, and not satisfied with carrying off large quantities of fruit, have actually destroyed several valuable fruit trees. On one occasion they pulled up four peach trees laden with fruit, and made off with them before they were discovered.

DEATH OF THE GUIDE AT TICONDEROGA. August 11th on the Fort Grounds, in Ticonderoga, Isaac Rice, aged 87 years, a soldier in the American Revolution. His tall, gaunt form will be remembered by many visitors, to whom he has, for several past years, acted as "cicerone" or guide, in pointing out various interesting parts of the old French Fort Carillon, so famous in Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary history. In accordance with his dying request, he was interred in the old soldiers' burying ground adjoining the fort. [Burlington Free Press.

IMPORTANT AS TO THE LOBOS ISLANDS. We are in receipt of intelligence to the effect, that news had reached Paita that several vessels had left the United States to take guano at the Lobos Islands, and that moreover the American Secretary of State was heartily in favor of the movement. Acting upon this information the Prefect of the Department, we are assured, had commanded the immediate reinforcement of a Peruvian garrison that had already been established on the Islands, with the determination so the story ran, to oppose the taking of guano at all hazards. If this intelligence be true, there is likely to be trouble when the American vessels arrive. [New York Express.

A NEW GAS LIGHT.

The Newark Advertiser contains an account of a newly invented gas light, which if it proves to be a substantial invention, promises to supersede the gas now in use, and also will afford facilities for lighting dwelling-houses and other buildings in country villages which they have not hitherto enjoyed. It says:—

We had the pleasure on Thursday evening of witnessing the operation of an apparatus of this kind at the house of Mr. W. C. Dusenburp, President of the U. S. Portable Gas Co., who resides in Orange, and introduced it in his dwelling for the purpose of testing its capacities. It is beautifully simple and compact, occupying but a few square feet of space, and it is said to require no more skill for its management than a common coal fire. It consists of a small can or reservoir, containing a coarse kind of rosin oil, a small stove, and a Gasometer. The oil passes through a pipe, and drips upon a metallic plate placed over the coals in the small cylindrical stove; it there flashes into gas, which immediately rises through a deposit of lime-stone placed over the plate, and thence it passes, purified, through another pipe to the gas holder—a sheet iron drum, rising and falling in a tank of water, as it is filled or exhausted. From this gasometer it passes through the pipes like all other gas, to the burners. The apparatus may be separate, and the evaporating part, we are assured, may be inserted in a kitchen range, or any other contrivance for cooking or heating. The light is remarkably brilliant and pure, emitting no unpleasant odor nor smoke.

The material used in making the gas, is the first run of liquid produced in making rosin oil; this is sold for a shilling a gallon, which is estimated to produce 100 cubic feet of the gas. Mr. Dusenbury's apparatus supplies eight burners, each of which gives as much light as those in our stores, and he estimates the cost not to exceed seven cents per night — of five hours burning.

Professor Renwick, who with other scientific men, having examined it, pronounces his belief in its practicability and economy; a table has also been prepared of the cost, &c., (estimated at $1 50 per thousand cubic feet) which states the saving on 25 lights, used five hours per night, to be $511 a year over the price of city gas, which is certainly something of an item in domestic economy. The cost of such an apparatus is $150.

BRUTAL MURDER.—*Buffalo*, Aug. 16th. A murder of the most fiendish character was perpetrated this morning, about two o'clock. Mrs. Hartman, wife of Joseph Hartman, who keeps a grocery on the corner of Spruce and Genesee streets, was suddenly awakened by two colored men in her room. On her noticing them, one of them approached the bed, and with an iron bar, two or three feet long, struck her husband two blows, one over the nose, the other on the chin, killing him instantly. One of the villains then struck her on the right arm, breaking it in two places, and on her attempting to rise, struck her on the head. They then left the house, when she alarmed the neighbors, who came and carried her up stairs, where she fainted. She is not expected to live. No inquest has yet been held.

The money drawer in the store, in which there were several dollars, was found opened and the money in it.

Joseph Hartman had been a resident of Buffalo over twenty years. He had a family of six children, and was a highly respectable man. The bar of iron has been found, and may probably lead to the arrest of the negroes.

KILLED BY A LEECH. We understand that a man by the name of Garnett, residing in Greene county, having attended a special election recently held in that county, started for home, which was some distance off, about dark. On coming to a branch, being very thirsty, he dismounted and drank. He had not gone far before he commenced feeling a ticklish sensation in his stomach, and on his arrival at home was quite unwell. Getting worse, a physician was called in, to whom he stated that he was confident he had swallowed something while drinking from the branch, which produced his sickness. After trying several remedies, a powerful emetic was administered, when a live leech was thrown up, which the unfortunate man had evidently swallowed at the branch above mentioned, it having remained alive in his stomach for several days. Although relieved from the leech, he died in a day or two afterwards from the injuries which it had inflicted.

[Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian.

FATAL CASUALTY. Mr. John F. Carlisle, of the firm of Skiddy & Carlisle, merchandise brokers, in Wall street, lost his life yesterday afternoon, at Long Branch, under the follwing circumstances:—While on the piazza of the hotel, by the sea shore, information reached him that a child was in imminent danger of drowning, close by. In a heated state, he plunged into the water, swam to and rescued the child, and bore it to the shore. It was almost immediately observed that Mr. C.'s face was greatly discolored, and that he was apparently in a dying state. He expired in about five minutes—at 1½ o'clock, P. M. It is supposed the cause of his death was a rush of blood to the head, resulting from his immersion in the water in a heated state. Mr. C. was about 28 years of age, and universally respected. His body was brought to this city this morning.

[N. Y. Jour. of Comm., 15th.

A MAN KILLED BY THE KICK OF A WOMAN.—*A Curious Case.* A Canadian woman named Bridget Donelly was arrested at 192 West Twenty-second street, yesterday, for a fatal assault on Thomas Clark, a stone-mason. The facts of the case, as far as could be ascertained, are as follows: Clark going to the house on Tuesday, for the purpose of seeing one of its inmates, found the woman lying upon a sofa, and went up to her and took hold of one of her feet; she jumped up and kicked him in the abdomen; he immediately fell to the floor, and soon became senseless; Doctors were called in, and after about three hours, succeeded in restoring animation; he then stated that the woman kicked him; inflammation set in, and Clark died on Tuesday night.

[N. Y. Post.

FRUIT IN SUMMER. The Water Cure Journal says, in regard to the use of fruits and vegetables:

"There is a very simple rule for guidance in this matter. Always select ripe full-grown roots, and mild-flavored, well-ripened fruit, and then eat them freely, at meal times, of course. If this is done the only restrictions necessary to impose on the quantity concern the purse rather than the stomach. The best anti-cholera, anti-dysentery, anti-diarrhea, anti-bilious, anti-fever, and anti-all-kinds of summer complaint specific on earth, is an abundance of good fruit."

This accords with the best experience.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT. A passenger in one of the New York omnibuses, a few days since, in order to have no delay in settling his fare, put the sixpence intended for that purpose, into his mouth. The coin unfortunately slipped into the windpipe, where it lodged, causing immediate loss of voice and danger of suffocation. After much suffering on the part of the patient, it was extracted by cutting into the windpipe.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT. Two boys went into a field in Kendall, Illinois, with the purpose of having some sport with the cattle. They tied the ends of a long rope around their waists, with slipping knots, and driving the cattle over it, tripped them down by suddenly raising it. One of the cattle caught the rope on its horns and ran away, dragging the boys for some distance. When rescued they were both insensible, and their waists compressed to four and six inches in circumference. Both died.

IRON. The uses to which iron is put are becoming more various every day. We have not only iron railroads, iron locomotives, iron ships and steamboats, but iron furniture, and iron crockery. We have iron stores, iron cottages, iron fish hooks, iron viaducts, and iron light-houses. We have not only iron rolling pins, and iron bureaux, but iron ball rooms—the latter article being just ordered by the Queen at Manchester. We have iron stools, iron rocking chairs, and in a few years will have overcoats and iron counterpanes, *sheets* of iron being already very common. Whether we shall ever reach iron cocktails, or pork made of *pig*-iron, is yet to be seen. We should not be at all surprised, however, if we did.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

MONDAY, August 16.

SENATE. The chair presented a memorial from the workmen on the capitol, asking more pay.

The army appropriation bill was received from the House, and referred to the committee on finance.

Mr. Cass moved to take up the bill making appropriations for the construction of a ship canal around the falls of St. Mary. Agreed to.

HOUSE. Mr. Fuller, from the committee on commerce, reported back the Senate bill for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of steamboats, and on his motion the amendments of the committee were ordered to be printed, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Thursday next.

TUESDAY, August 17.

SENATE. The chair laid before the Senate a communication from the treasury department, in reply to a resolution of the Senate calling for an estimate for extending the coast survey service to California and the adjoining islands.

The bill for the construction of a ship canal around the falls of Sault St. Marie was taken up. Several amendments were offered, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

HOUSE. The House resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Wheeling bridges to be lawful structures and discussed it till the expiration of the morning hour.

The bill granting to several States ten millions of acres of public lands for the benefit of indigent insane persons was passed, 98 to 54.

A bill fixing the annual salary of the American consul at Amsterdam at $2500 was passed.

The House went into committee on the navy appropriation bill.

A long discussion ensued. Mr. Houston reported the fortification bill and the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, August 18.

SENATE. Mr. Gwin introduced a bill granting land to California to aid in the construction of a canal across Sierra Nevada.

Mr Hale offered a resolution directing an inquiry by the committee of foreign relations as to the expediency of annexing the Lobos Islands to the United States. Laid over.

The bill in aid of a ship canal around the falls of St. Mary was passed.

The river and harbor bill was then taken up, and after a long debate the Senate adjourned without taking any action upon it.

HOUSE. The House resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Wheeling bridge a legal structure and a post route.

Mr. Stuart of Michigan said they had other important subjects to dispose of, and therefore, to test the sense of the House, he moved the previous question, which was seconded.

Several amendments were adopted, and the House adjourned without taking any definite action.

THURSDAY, August 19.

SENATE. The chair laid before the Senate communications from the House, and on motion of Mr. Hunter the Senate took up the civil and diplomatic bill. Several amendments were agreed to, and the bill was postponed till to-morrow.

The Wheeling bridge bill was received from the House, and referred to the judiciary committee.

The river and harbor bill was taken up. After some debate on this bill the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. The bill declaring the Wheeling bridge a legal structure and post route was taken up.

Mr. Beale moved to lay it on the table. Negatived, 35 to 119.

The bill passed, 115 to 42.

The House then went into committee on the naval appropriation bill.

Various amendments were acted upon but the House adjourned without taking any decisive vote.

FRIDAY, August 20.

SENATE. The chair laid before the Senate communications from several of the departments, with statements of the number of clerks, their salaries, &c.; also the annual report of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

Several bills were reported. Mr. Rusk reported back the bill to amend the postage law with amendments, that newspapers, periodicals, and all printed matter not exceeding three ounces, shall be sent to any part of the United States for one cent, and when the postage is paid quarterly or regularly in advance, where the same is mailed or delivered, one half of said rates only shall be charged. Newspapers not weighing over one ounce and a half, when circulated in the State where published shall be charged one half of the rates before named, provided that small newspapers, published monthly, when sent in packages to one address, prepaid by affixing stamps thereto, shall be chargeable for half a cent each ounce; postage on all transient matter shall be charged double the foregoing rates, and that all books, bound or unbound, not weighing over four lbs., shall be deemed mailable matter, and charged with postage at one cent an ounce for all distances under 3000 miles, and two cents an ounce for all distances over 3000 miles, to which 50 per cent. shall be added in all cases where the same may be sent without being prepaid.

The bill was taken up, these amendments agreed to, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed. Subsequently the bill was passed.

Several other bills were taken up and discussed, and at five o'clock the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. The House considered the bill authorizing soldiers engaged in the last war with Great Britain to surrender their bounty lands unfit for cultivation, and locate in others in lieu thereof, and had not disposed of the same when the morning hour expired.

The House then went into committee on the naval appropriation bill. Several amendments were accepted and the bill was passed. Adjourned.

SATURDAY, August 21.

SENATE. The civil and diplomatic appropriation bill was taken up. A large number of amendments were reported and adopted.

The river and harbor bill was taken up. Several amendments were made. Without disposing of the matter, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. The House passed the bill authorizing soldiers in the late war with great Britain to surrender their bounty lands unfit for cultivation, and select others in lieu thereof.

The Post Office appropriation bill passed.

The Senate bill, confirming to Michigan certain land for saline purposes, also passed.

At half-past 3 o'clock, for want of a quorum, the House adjourned.

THE BODY OF A YOUNG WOMAN FOUND. We learn from Mr. David Gross, that on Tuesday evening as he was coming up river in a boat he discovered at Hampden the body of a female. He gave notice to men on the shore, and they took it out and made arrangements for an inquest.

The body proved to be that of Miss Henriette Freeman, a young woman of about 18 years of age, whose parents reside in Bucksport, and who has been living in the family of a gentleman, whose name is not recollected, in Brewer. Miss Freeman had appeared for a few days to be laboring under some partial aberration of mind, but nothing unusual or alarming was observed about her. On Monday she took tea as usual and walked out and did not return. There was a small rock grasped in the hand when the body was found. Beyond this brief statement nothing can be learned of the cause of her death. She is represented as a young woman of good reputation. [Bangor Courier, 19th.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE. The Thomaston Miscellany states that the schooner Lefrette, which arrived at Rockland a few days since, landed a cook, dangerously sick with the Chagres fever, who after lingering a day or two in the poor house, died. The body was ascertained to be that of a woman.

It appears that she had been on board the last schooner about 14 months; she would go aloft with alacrity and did all her duty promptly. She has left papers which state that she ran away from her parents at Nova Scotia, about two years since, on account of some love affair, and has since had her home upon the "bounding deep."

AN INCIDENT. A passenger who was on board the ill-fated steamer Henry Clay, relates the following incident connected with that sad disaster:

"He had been on the bow of the vessel, and was one of the first to escape. Upon reaching the shore, he counted twenty-three persons who sunk to rise no more. He sickened at the sight and was just turning to leave the spot, when he saw a little boy only seven years of age emerge from the smoke and flame on the after part of the promenade deck, kneel down and clasp his hands as if in prayer. He remained in this attitude but a moment, and then leaped into the water. Our informant watched the little fellow as he went under the water, expecting not to see him again. Presently the young hero rose to the surface, brushed aside his auburn ringlets, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached in a short time. Upon landing, he sank down upon the bank, exclaiming—"Oh, these poor people! I wish I could save them!" and then burst into a flood of tears, at the awful scene of suffering and death before him. What a noble heart was in that boy, who, so young, could not only ask deliverance of his heavenly Father, but feel for the sufferings of others.—Does it not also speak volumes in the praise of the mother of that boy!"

FLOUR FROM THE INTERIOR. The cars on the Newburyport Railroad, brought down from Ogdensburg, N. Y., yesterday, the first consignment of flour ever received here from that direction. This lot consists of 100 barrels, and is for sale by John Wood & Son. It is a superior article, and the Western millers will continue to supply the market by this route, as the article may be wanted.

[Newburyport Herald, 20th.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	4 25 @ 6 75	Round Hogs,	6 50 @ 8 00
Beans,	1 50 @ 2 25	Clear Salt Pork,	11 @ 13
Corn,	73 @ 80	Dried Apples,	7 @ 7½
Oats,	00 @ 40	Cooking do.	35 @ 60
Seed Wheat,	1 25 @ 1 50	Winter do.	1 00 @ 1 25
Rye,	85 @ 90	Potatoes, new,	50 @ 60
Butter,	12 @ 15	Clover Seed,	10 @ 14
Lard,	12 @ 14	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	6 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 75 @ 3 25
Mutton,	4 @ 6	Red Top,	75 @ 1 00
Chickens,	8 @ 10	Hay, new,	10 50 @ 12 50
Geese,	6 @ 8	Lime,	92 @ 1 00
Eggs,	12 @ 13	Fleece Wool	30 @ 35
Corn Meal,	80 @ 85	Pulled do.	32 @ 37
Rye Meal,	87 @ 90	Lambskins,	40 @ 60

BRIGHTON MARKET, August 19.

At Market, 1400 Beef Cattle, 575 Stores, 6600 Sheep and Lambs, and 1270 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra, $6 50; first quality $6 00; second, $5 25 @ $5 50; third, $4 00 @ $4 75.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales from $55 to $95.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $24 to $42.

SHEEP.—Sales in small lots from $1 75 to $3 25.

SWINE.—At retail, 6¼ @ 8½c.

BOSTON MARKET, August 23.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, Ohio and Michigan, common brands, $4 12½ @ $4 25; fancy brands, $4 50; extra Genesee, $5 00 @ $5 75.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn, 73c; white, 69 @ 70c. Northern Oats, 47c. Rye, 85c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Eastern Hay, $17 @ $18 ꝑ ton, cash.

Moore's Essence of Life.

Let those who have children afflicted with the Whooping Cough, hear what the clergyman of Littleton, Mass., says in regard to Moore's Essence of Life.

"My child was taken with the Whooping Cough. All thought it must die. I employed a number of Physicians, but all of no avail—they said they could do no more for it. A friend recommended Moore's Essence of Life, prepared by E. E. Hayward. I procured a bottle, and to my great astonishment it grew better, and, under Providence, I am indebted to Moore's Essence of Life, for the preservation of its life."

Be sure and get the genuine, prepared by E. E. HAYWARD, and sold by EBEN FULLER, and CUSHING & BLACK, Augusta; Joseph B. Hall, Presque Isle, Me.; and generally by the Druggists. 6m13

Interesting to the Consumptive.

The following facts are communicated by Wm. Mitchell, of Boston, who has been cured of Consumption by using WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF COD LIVER OIL AND LIME, and wishes to have others similarly afflicted use this preparation before it is too late. He says:

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for nearly fifteen months. I was advised by my physician to try your Compound of Oil and Lime. I did so; and, after using one bottle, began to perceive it was having a wonderful effect; my cough, which was very severe, had nearly left me; and I am now happy to say that after using it for two months, I am strong and healthy, all unfavorable symptoms having left me."

Be sure and get the genuine, manufactured *only* by ALEX'R B. WILBOR, 156 Court St., Boston.

For sale in Portland by CHARLES A. GILSON, EDWARD MASON, and H. H. HAY; in Bath by A. G. PAGE. 1y24

☞ Thousands who have toiled hard at the wash tub, many days in each year of their life, now find the task lightened by the use of the Boston Chemical Washing Powder. See advertisement.

The American Stomach injured by rapid eating, excitement, and the excessive use of Tobacco, is notoriously a bad stomach. Dyspepsia is the grand National Disease. A National Remedy for it, harmless and successful in its character, must be esteemed a National Blessing. Such a remedy, we have reason to believe, is Dr. Houghton's preparation, made from Rennet, or the Stomach of the Ox, which is advertised in our paper. Look at it. 12t30

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Webb, Mr. SETH C. WHITEHOUSE to Miss HARRIET A. HALLETT, daughter of the late Elisha Hallett, Esq.

In this city, August 15th, by the Rev. Mr. Dalton, Mr. GEO. F. GODFREY to Miss SARAH A. CROSS.

In Gardiner, Mr. OSCAR B. EDGECOMB to Miss MARY ELIZABETH BROWN.

In Jay, August 20th, Mr. ISAIAH C. BEAN to Miss IRENA CONANT.

In Hallowell, Mr. JOSEPH G. MADDOCKS to Miss ELIZABETH H. MADDOCKS of Belfast.

In Greenfield, Mass., Mr. GEORGE H. NASON to Miss ELIZABETH L. BUTLER, daughter of Rev. John Butler, all formerly of this city.

In North Palermo, Mr. GEORGE MARDEN to Miss MARY H. BENNER.

In Farmington, Mr. DANIEL A. YOUNG to Miss LUCY W. ABBOTT of Lowell, Mass.

In Leeds, by Rev. Walter Foss, Mr. THEODORE M. RICHARDSON of Weld, to Miss EMELINE O. CRAM of East Livermore.

In Norway, GEORGE J. ORDWAY, Esq., to Miss OLIVE G. ROBBINS.

In Rockland, August 12th, by the Rev. W. O. Thomas, Mr. CHARLES H. PAINE, foreman of the Gazette office, to Miss ALICE J. DRINKWATER.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this city, August 18th, AURILLA A. GREELEY, daughter of Burnham C. Greeley, aged 20.

In this city, STACY B. PARKER, aged about 59.

In Vassalboro', MARY COFFIN, wife of Capt. Daniel G. Coffin, aged 57.

In Kennebec, LEWIS P. HOPKINS, aged 28.

In East Livermore, after an illness of 16 years, ADAM WILBUR, aged 76.

In Somerset, Ky., JOHN MILTON BACHELLER, formerly of Farmington, aged about 21.

In Lexington, August 13th, SARAH G. DAVIDSON, aged 19.

In Mt. Vernon, at Wing's Mills, August 19th, ALBION E. TURNER, eldest child of Charles H. and Lucy A. Turner, aged 9.

In Palermo, JONATHAN GREELEY, Esq., aged 84.

In Gardiner, MARY E. DOUGLASS, wife of John W. Douglass, aged 22.

In Brownfield, ABEL GIBSON, Esq., aged 92.

In Rockland, MARY JANE HALL, daughter of Deacon Peter Hall, aged 25.

In Paris, ANGELINE THAYER, wife of Alexander S. Thayer, aged 33.

In Palmyra, very suddenly, JOSEPH MILLS, aged 88.

In Waterville, Mrs. ELIZABETH TODD, aged 65.

In Newport, NATHANIEL STEWART, aged 67.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST.

ARRIVED.

Aug. 18, Schr. Lamartine, Eastman, New York.
19, Rochester, Rowse, Boston.

SAILED.

Aug. 19, Schr. Consul, Gill, Boston.
Odd Fellow, Beals, do.
E. Perry, Heath, Westport.
21, Lamartine, Eastman, New York.

The Muse.

From Sartain's Magazine.

SONG OF THE SWALLOWS.

The nests in spring were full of bluish eggs,
In summer, full of birds; now autumn comes,
The nests are empty, and the birds are gone.
The soft white clouds are flecked, the sky is bound
With belts of swallows, stretching from the west,
To where the east is girded in with haze.

Stay, swallows, stay! the land is near and bright;
The sea is far, and dark, and perilous,
And all beyond is alien and unknown.
Why should ye fly so soon? why fly at all,
When you might stay with us through all the year,
And be in deepening summer all the time?
Here all the vales are full of dewy flowers,
The orchard plots are full of juicy fruits,
And all the purple woods are full of balm.
Stay, swallows, stay! the flowers and fruit and balm
Will fade and die when you have left the isle;
And winds will moan the absence of your songs!
Stay, swallows, stay! and hear the last year's birds:
"We flew o'er many a sea where summer broods,
But found no isle, no clime like sweet Sicilia!"

They will not hear, we waste our words in air;
We might as well go chatter to the crows,
For they would hear us though they meant to go.

Go, swallows, go! and thank the Gods for life;
They watch o'er everything, however small,
And they are very gracious,—for you live!
Go, swallows, go! and be it all your doom,
To bear the memory of what you leave—
For memory will cancel half the sin;
And be it all your punishment to sing
In tropic islands of Sicilian sweets,
And shame the tropic birds with summer songs.

WRITE SOON.

Long parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which fervently the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words, "write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched us leaving home!

And still amid the trumpet joys,
That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
To hear this minor cadence flow.

We part, but carry on our way
Some loved one's plaintive spirit tone,
That as we wander seems to say,
Affection lives on faith—"Write soon!"

The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE THREE SISTERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

"Of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased:

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labors."

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over the hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house with its closed shutters—all closed, except one in the room where the dead had lain,—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent cheerless room. It was so very still not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had faded and been buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had come first to the lonely house where now she was; of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there: and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern and unforgiving to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold deathbed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and awakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words broke from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then from her sister's deathbed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart, but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle, loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and so true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how could'st thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thine own mother, Bertha! think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are alone," she said, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderer in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears.

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they were very poor and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and I could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha. Yes—kiss me, sister dear: it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters: how the one had ever been so good and loving and true hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I have never done before: and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years: such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away: let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it on my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha: poor, kind sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there forever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow, that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

CHAPTER IV.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I, too, shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honeysuckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upward to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere: to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken bough; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer day a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen heart, and warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red sore—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small, thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No, Willie, dear," Gabrielle said, "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out," poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight?"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she, kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange, passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry little voice that scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more for ever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gaily with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! "It is the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little sweet smelling flowers."

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now. I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to Papa when he was ill! He liked them too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now," Willie said; then after a moment's peace he asked, a little sadly, "Mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange, unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said, "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh, so long!"

"Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long-silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that," Willie murmured softly, as the song died away, "it is like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm round her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her toward him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay—she growing calmer presently—for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have staid here long enough," Gabrielle said at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, Mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you have let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother!"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request! How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer!

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly: then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so for two or three weeks, in the bright sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm trees; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gaily of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart; and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft, warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing by his burning cheek, and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eyes. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest nor ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him; she could feel no fatigue: her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh, no, mother, not now. I am so much better!"

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart!

"I am so sleepy," said the little plaintive voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep, too? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lay down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah, yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her rouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving; then said, "Our Father." The little voice, toward the end, was very faint and weak; and as he finished, his head, which he had had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upward to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed forever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains, the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun rose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after the few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room; and as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle, quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell; moving among the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a deathbed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And often in the summer evenings, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old churchyard; and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

SHARP. A lawyer at Poughkeepsie, was applied to during his lifetime, by an indigent neighbor for his opinion on a question of law, in which the interests of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice, and charged three dollars for it.

"There is the money," said his client; it is all that I have in the world, and my family have been a long time without pork!"

"Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married!"

"*Nor never will!*" rejoined the countryman, "*so long as she has such a great hog as you!*"

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of the repartee, that he forgave the poor fellow and returned the money.

"Mrs. Jenks," exclaimed a bustling old lady, "I heard you was robbed the other night. Now do tell me all about it; what did the critters steal?"

"They stole my plate," answered Mrs. Jenks, quietly.

"Massy on us! You don't say so! Why, how much was it worth?"

"About two shillings."

"Two shillings! Why, what sort of plate are you talking about?"

"A small chiney one, marm."

Somebody down east has invented a plan for cheap boarding. One of the boarders mesmerises the rest, then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerised being satisfied from *sympathy*.

Sabbath Reading.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

Sweet human flowers, of passing loveliness,
Bloom on life's pathway with celestial splendor;
God bade them grow, the pilgrim's soul to bless;
Use them not roughly—they are frail and tender!

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast;
To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing;
Oh, cherish lovingly thy bosom's guest,
Its graceful tendrils round thy heart-strings wreathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles,
And from such sunshine healthful vigor borrow,
To soothe in turn, with soft enchanting wiles,
Thy mind, when darkened by a cloud of sorrow.

Let not the cold winds of unkindly skies
Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;
And though thou water it with streaming eyes,
No life return to cheer thee in thine anguish!

Showering the sweets of true and constant love
On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal;
Until transplanted they shall bloom above,
With brighter hues, unfading and eternal!

VISIT THE SICK.

Go to them in their darkened chambers; go with smiles and words of love and consolation; you may know sometime, when the gaunt hand of sickness presses upon your brow, how sweet it is to hear the gentle voice of a friend. Too often do we neglect those who hold communion only with long hours of pain; but is there any excuse for such conduct?

We can think of nothing that should deter us, save diseases that are in their nature contagious. Because our nerves are affected by the long-drawn sigh, and complaint of wearing pain, because we cannot bear to see the contortions that disease forces to the face, should never be reasons of sufficient weight to banish us from the chamber of suffering.

And those upon whom devolves the care of the invalid, should make the sick room as comfortable to visitors as possible. The odors of medicine should be counteracted by fresh, sweet air; and the bed kept scrupulously clean, and neatly made, and all hideous appliances and remedies should be kept out of sight of the patient as well as the healthier friend. We have been in rooms where we could not possibly stay but a few moments; where all words of encouragement were completely stifled by the close, hot vapor, where the determination to breathe hope and cheerfulness into the ear of the sick one, was checked as suddenly as fire would go out if water was poured upon it,—because we could not be so fool-hardy as to dream of recovery when the vital organs were depressed and poisoned by the stifling air. We have thought, open your windows, let out this noxious atmosphere, let God's great medicine have access to the lungs, and softly lave that heated forehead,—but no, no, it would death to let the air come in upon him—death came, nevertheless, and who could wonder?

It is well if the bright, innocent faces of childhood are sometimes allowed to cheer the darkened chamber.

"It is better than medicine," said a poor wasted creature, "to see your little boy; what laughing eyes he has, and what a musical laugh;" and she called the merry child to her bed-side and forgot for the moment her almost intolerable misery, as she pulled at his glossy curls and stroked them back from his forehead; it was a slight pleasure that could thus rob her of pain; who would not let sunny-hearted children thus minister to the sorely stricken?

And one who has been helpless for years, exclaimed when a favorite friend once entered her chamber,—"Oh! L——, I am so glad to see you. I began to fear I should pass another lonely day. I have very few calls, and I suppose I am tedious to my acquaintances; they get tired of seeing the same emaciated face, and listening to the same old rejoinder; but I am never tired—and there were tears in her blue eyes—never, never, never, of beholding those I love. Oh! they cannot tell how sometimes I yearn till I am soul-sick, for a familiar voice, a pleasant face. Through the long night I lie awake, and sometimes, to beguile my pain, count the ticking of yonder clock, till I am nearly bewildered, and fancy everything takes form and motion around me; and all day it is the same, with the exception of the blessed sun, that always seems pleasant to me. I am not allowed to read, and my poor sister must be away to toil for herself and me—God bless her. And it is *so* sweet, oh! sweeter than I can express, to ever hear the knock that announces a caller. I sometimes think that the dear Christians do not spend as much time with us poor sick creatures, as they might; but perhaps I am querulous and unreasonable."

Forget not the sick and helpless; they are dependent very much upon sympathy, and wishing them well, or pitying them is but doing a very little towards their comfort. Visit them often; it is far better than to dance in the halls of pleasure, or minister to your own vanities and selfishness; and a day is coming when a soft voice shall say, "inasmuch as ye did it unto these, the least of my little ones, ye did it unto me."

[Olive Branch.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

How sweet sounds this name to every one who has been blessed with so faithful a friend as a Christian mother. And why is it so? It is because of the blessings flowing from her teachings. The influence she exerted upon the youthful mind has never been forgotten. In maturer years, as the mind of him who has been trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, returns back to scenes of youth, he thinks of that mother, of her teachings, of the words of wisdom she then uttered; they are treasured up in his heart, and he feels that their influence has attended him and guarded him from many snares and temptations that lead to the road of ruin and death. He offers up to God a prayer of praise for giving him the best of earthly gifts, a mother ruling in the fear of God. He recollects her words to him as he was about to embark upon the sea of life. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." They have been to him the staff of strength to resist evil in every form, and her image is ever treasured in his heart, as one who has given him the knowledge of true happiness. The influence of mothers is never forgotten, be that influence good or bad. Would that all mothers felt the need of divine wisdom in the training of their children. How much crime, misery and wo would it prevent. We should then see more true Christianity, more happiness and brotherly love.

May the time soon come when the need of Christianity in the training of the youth shall be felt and embraced. [Morning Star.

The contemplation of distress softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

Let your thoughts be fit and suitable for the subject. Every day have higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts all around you.

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